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HISTORIC HOUSES OF AMERICA.

"*LIBERTY HALL.*"

About a mile north of the railroad-station in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and upon the right-hand side of the Springfield turnpike—now called Morris Avenue—stands a monument of old-time geography and historical associations. It is an aristocratic-looking edifice, which has just completed its one hundredth birth-year. It was the country-home of Governor William Livingston. It is on elevated ground some rods from the street, and retains in a kind of regal grandeur its original body-guard of lofty shade-trees. One of these, more distinguished in appearance than its fellows, and quite as hoary, was planted by Susan Livingston in 1772, and occupies a commanding position in the centre of a grassy circle in front of the main entrance to the mansion.

"LIBERTY HALL," ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

William Livingston invested in some one hundred and twenty acres of land in this vicinity in 1760. During the next dozen years he brought the soil under a high state of cultivation. His hobby was fruit-raising. He imported fruit-trees, chiefly from England, until he had sixty-five different kinds of pears; and plums, cherries, peaches, and apples, in still greater variety. He took so much pride in his Newtown pippins that, in 1767, he shipped several barrels to a friend in London. He did not succeed well with grapes, but his vegetables were the envy of agriculturists.

He built the subject of the sketch in 1773,

and gave it the pleasant-sounding name of "Liberty Hall." He removed his family to it late in November of the same year. "We are going into cloister seclusion," said Susan Livingston, as she bade adieu to her city friends. That winter—a century ago—was a long and very cold one for the climate; but there was cheery warmth, sweet song, and merry laughter, within the walls of the new homestead; and, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of the four young ladies, that they should be "buried from society in that sequestered part of the globe," the toilsome and muddy way from New York was kept well trodden by brilliant and ever-welcome guests.

The original structure remains intact, with its spacious apartments, high ceilings, narrow doors, and wide staircases. It has been raised one story, and enlarged in the rear, to meet the exigencies of later occupants; modern glass has taken the place of small panes in the windows, and the great-grandfatherly deep fireplaces, where brass andirons still prevail, are framed with marble mantels of a recent generation. But the flavor and sacredness of antiquity are well preserved. The little piazza and enormous hall of entrance are tangled bobbins, from which might be reeled many a filament of romance for the weaver's shuttle. And the thousand-and-one little cupboards and blind cubby-holes in the paneling of the walls—artful contrivances of our ancestors—are alive with fascinating reminiscences.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON was the grandson of Robert Livingston, the first of the name who came to this country. And it is a circumstance worthy of note that the date of the latter's arrival in New York was just a hundred years before the erection of Liberty Hall. He was the scion of an ancient and honorable Scotch family, whose lordly ancestors had drunk wine from kings' goblets from time immemorial. He was a man of adventure, of strongly-marked individuality, of original conceptions, of irrepressible opinions, of obstinate determination, of never-flagging acquisitiveness, and, for the age in which he lived, of no mean culture. He was, in short, a man to be remembered on his own personal account, independent of birth or connection. Yet his birth and connection gave him social position in the Old World, and were not without their advantage to him in the New; for, on his frequent visits to England in after-years, he could tap a lord on the shoulder, or take him by the coat-collar, whenever it was a matter of state policy or private benefit, and aristocracy never thought of being offended at the familiarity. He was tall, well developed in figure, had a somewhat heavy complexion, brown hair, and dark, unreadable eyes. He was polished in his manners, but careless of giving pleasure, and indifferent to giving pain, and withal so icily impertinent at times as never to attain popularity in New York. Yet he was of infinite value to the colony, for his energy and bustling activity set many a wheel in motion which otherwise would have been a long while in turning.

He made his first bow to the public as town-clerk of Albany. He acquired great influence over the Indians, and for a long series of years was secretary of Indian affairs. He bought of them, for a few axes, hammers, and nails, several thousand acres of choice land, which was subsequently confirmed to him by royal authority, and constituted a manor, with all the rights and privileges accorded to such institutions in England. At three distinct periods of his history he was at war with personal and political foes, and suspended on the very brink of dishonor and bankruptcy, but on each occasion came forth from the contest victorious, and attained increased importance and consideration. He was thoroughly versed in the Dutch language, having spent much of his early life in Holland. He married, in Albany, Alida, the daughter of the first Schuyler in America, who was a Dutch lady of great beauty and more than ordinary feminine excellence. The manor-house which they built forty miles south of Albany, on the Hudson, was for many a long year the seat of a princely hospitality. The governors of the province were always entertained there on their trips up and down the river; every foreigner of distinction who visited this country was cordially welcomed, and the most refined and cultivated people of both New York and New England were among the frequent guests.

Their children received every advantage which it was possible to bestow. Philip, who from being the eldest son became the second lord of the manor, was unlike his father in many respects—was less bold, less subtle, less persevering, less of a financier, and a much handsomer man. In his young days he was dashing and gay, had a winning manner with women, and went about breaking hearts promiscuously. He lost his own, however, in course of time, and wedded the pretty, pale-faced Catharine Van Brugh, whose family was of highest Holland respectability. He was by no means without rank and consequence, was for several years deputy-agent of Indian affairs under his father, and, from 1722, sole secretary; was at the taking of Port Royal in 1710, and afterward colonel of militia; was a member of the Assembly; and from 1725 one of the governor's council. He lived in a style of courtly magnificence, and at his death, in 1749, his obsequies were performed in great state both in New York and at his manor. His city mansion in Broad Street, and most of the houses in the block, were thrown open to accommodate the vast assemblage. A pipe of wine was spiced for the occasion, and to each of the eight bearers were given a pair of gloves, a scarf, a handkerchief, a mourning-ring, and a monkey-spoon. At the manor the same ceremony was repeated, and, in addition, gloves and handkerchiefs were presented to each of the tenants. Of course, the expenses were enormous, and it was William, his fifth son, who afterward wrote a telling article on the senseless custom of "Extravagance at Funerals."

William was the pet and *protégé* of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Van Brugh, and passed much of his boyhood with her in Albany. His irritable temper in after-life was charitably accredited by the family to the excessive fondness and indiscriminate indulgence of the dear old lady. Before he was fourteen he had spent an entire year among the Mohawks, under the care of an English missionary. The language and habits of the men of the forest were esteemed an essential part of his education, for at that period the proper measures to be pursued in regard to the French and Indians was the chief subject of colonial vigilance and apprehension.

Upon his return, in 1737, he entered Yale College, where his brothers, Peter Van Brugh, John, and Philip, had already taken degrees. Four years later, and he was graduated at the head of his class, and commenced the study of law in the office of the celebrated James Alexander. He was an apt scholar, and, through the vigor and quickness of his perceptions, took marvelous strides in legal knowledge. One day his father questioned him as to how he spent his evenings.

"Never fear for my morals," he replied. "I am plodding at mathematics and astronomy every night until after nine o'clock."

But he by no means debarred himself from social pleasures. In one of his letters he describes a "Wafel frolic" at Miss Walton's. "The feast," he said, "was preceded by cards, and the company was so numerous that they filled two tables." The fun closed for the evening with a play of his own invention, "in which kissing constituted the chief part of the entertainment."

He plunged into political and religious controversies even before he was admitted to the bar. And every added year rendered him more independent in spirit, and fearless in the expression of his opinions. He was, in almost every instance, arrayed on the side which had least to boast of power or present popularity. Wit and satire seemed to breathe naturally from his lips, and hang upon the point of his pen. On one occasion, just after a closely-contested city election, he issued the following:

"*Political Bill of Mortality for Month of August*, 1750, *in the Part of New York near the Bowling Green.*

Burst with malice	4
Over-fatigued with writing dialogues	2
Grumbling	3
Of vain expectations	10
For want of pay	5
Of roaring against the four members	8
Of madeira	4
Of the cacoëthes	12
Running about for votes	14
Of probity	1
Impolitic blunders	6
Of a letter to the freeholders	41
In all	110"

"Will," said the distinguished James De Lancey, who was then Lieutenant-Governor of New York, "you would be the cleverest fellow in the world if you were only one of us."

"I will try to be a clever fellow, and not be one of you," was his laconic reply.

It was not long after this that the feud between the De Lancey and Livingston parties reached the very acme of bitterness. The charter of King's (now Columbia) College was the great bone of contention, and William Livingston led the rigid, exacting Scotch Presbyterians in so fierce and determined an opposition to the Episcopalians, who were largely in the majority, that, after

the charter was actually signed and sealed, Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey did not deem it wise to deliver it for several months, on account of the clamor. For years subsequently, these two powerful and wealthy families were sworn foes in every matter of public or private interest, and exerted a controlling influence over the politics of New York.

William Livingston was an indefatigable worker; and, although his intellectual growth was marked by a certain disproportion and ungainliness—that is, one faculty shot forth, then another, and another, so that life was on the wane before the full stature and the final proportions were reached—he achieved eminence at the bar, and in political foresight, which rendered his career in the end substantially triumphant. He was one of those from whom it was always possible to expect greater things than he had yet accomplished. His success in the legal profession was due not to eloquence, or even fluent speech, but to the accuracy of his knowledge and the soundness of his logic, well seasoned always with dry humor and stinging sarcasm. He was severely strait-laced on many subjects, but he could unbend, and in the social circle, or at the club, was a charming companion. He was the president of the "Moot," a club composed entirely of lawyers.

He was a tall, slight, thin, graceful man of fifty when he built "Liberty Hall." He wore the inevitable powdered wig, the velvet coat, embroidered ruffles, short breeches, silk stockings, and gold buckles of the period. His wife was a handsome, animated woman, the grand-daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Anthony Brockholst, and the great-granddaughter of the first lord of Philipse Manor. She took a deep interest in public affairs, and was in full sympathy with all her husband's plans and projects. The knotty problems of the hour, and the methods and details of solving and settling them, were discussed daily at their table, which accounts for their daughters having become full-fledged politicians long before they had attained their physical growth. The following extract from a letter which William Livingston wrote to his son at school, is an index to the private sentiments of the family:

"Dear Billy: I have just received your letter of the 14th instant, and perceive that by your studying *Lucian*, who treats about ghosts, you have your head so filled with the idea of ghosts as even to dream about them. Among other ghosts that may, during the hours of sleep, present themselves to your imagination, I would have you very complaisant to those of the first and second *Brutus*, of Mr. Wallace, of Algernon Sydney, and John Hampden; but if the spectre of any of the Stuart family, or of any tyrant whatsoever, should obtrude itself on your fancy, offer it not so much as a pipe of tobacco; but show its royal or imperial spectrality the door, with a frank declaration that your principles will not suffer you to keep company even with the shadow of arbitrary power."

The first incident of historical significance which occurred at "Liberty Hall" was the arrival of a delicate-looking, blue-eyed, and unfriended boy from the West Indies, bringing letters to William Livingston from Hugh Knox. It was the future statesman, Alexander Hamilton. He was kindly received, staid some days, and, after entering the school of Francis Barber, of Elizabeth, paid frequent visits to the family.

The second incident which renders the mansion interesting was the marriage of Sarah Livingston to the afterward celebrated John Jay. It took place on the 28th of April, 1774. The pretty bride had not yet reached her eighteenth birthday, but was as mature as most young ladies of twenty-five. She had an intelligent face, a pink-and-white complexion, and beautiful brown hair, which, drawn up over cushions, and knotted, and puffed, and frizzed, and crowned with flowers, became her wonderfully. She possessed fine traits of character and a superior education. The bridegroom was from a proud old Huguenot family. His mother was a Van Cortlandt, and his great-great-grandfather was the first lord of Philipse Manor. The occasion was one which brought together a large proportion of the notable people of New York.

Ere the honey-moon was over, John Jay was called to take part in the stirring movements which were to result in the birth of a new republic, and William Livingston stood among the delegates to the First Congress in Philadelphia. One year later, and he was a delegate to the Second Congress; and no one preached an appeal to arms with more magnetic power.

In the midst of the turbulence and ferment which tried men's souls, another jewel was added to the crown of "Liberty Hall." It was the birth, under its roof, of the Honorable Peter Augustus Jay, in January, 1776. A few weeks later, William Livingston was appointed commander-in-chief of the New Jersey militia, and, in the summer of the same year, elected governor of the State. His formal inauguration occurred in September, at Trenton.

From that time his duties were as multifarious as they were difficult and perplexing. New Jersey was the frontier State, and exposed to all the miseries of a frontier warfare. Petitions to pass over the lines were perpetual, involving ceaseless troublesome and invidious examinations into character and credentials. The people were robbed and distressed, and constant alarms of invasion kept Livingston overwhelmed with prayers for guards and pecuniary assistance; while, at the same time, the appeals of the prisoners in New York for deliverance, and the loud call for fighting-men and for supplies, gave him no rest in body or spirit.

Governor Livingston, in his first message, May 28, 1777, recommended an act, which passed the New Jersey Legislature on the 5th of the following June, for confiscating the personal estates of the refugees within the British lines. It provoked the bitterest hostility on their part, notwithstanding a certain period of grace was given in which, without any loss of property whatever, they might renew their allegiance to the State of New Jersey. They made several unsuccessful attempts to set "Liberty Hall" on fire, and threatened the governor's life with such an ugly determination that he was kept constantly on the wing, and subjected to the greatest possible inconvenience and danger. The Council of Safety, over which he presided, met sometimes at Trenton, sometimes at Morristown, and anywhere in the mountains or woods as policy or prudence dictated. He had a house at Parcipany, where his family staid for a while, and, on one of his visits to them, his movements were reported, and a party of refugees surrounded the house in the night. He had some gentlemen guests, and, fearing they should not recognize their prey in the darkness, they concluded not to make their assault until daylight, and so lay down in the grass and went to sleep. The sun roused them, but the "Knight of the Most Honorable Order of Starvation," as they called the governor, had risen at least an hour before, and, wholly unconscious of the assassination plot, was galloping over the road, miles away, to meet some important appointment.

General Dickinson was in command of the State troops at Elizabeth, and had been instructed to place a guard over "Liberty Hall." The ladies were indignant when they found he had quartered a captain and an artillery company in the house. An order was sent for the removal of the troops; but the mischief was done. The walls were scarred, the furniture and carpets injured, the grounds strewed with *débris*, and many of the trees cut. Hinges, locks, and even panes of glass, had been carried away, as also many things which Mrs. Livingston had left for her comfort and convenience when she should come down to secure her grapes and other fruits, and make her winter preserves.

The governor, after a flying trip to take a view of his property, wrote to a friend: "Solitary indeed is Queen Elizabeth's namesake to me at present. Instead of my quondam agreeable companions, the village now principally consists of unknown, unrecommended strangers, guilty-looking Tories, and very knavish Whigs."

The refugees were, at that stage of the war, much more to be dreaded and feared than the British soldiery, and their inroads resembled more nearly the border feuds and forays in Scotland than any other warfare. Their track was in every instance marked by devastation and plunder, and the waste and distress usually fell upon individuals who were pursuing the peaceful occupations of life. If there was any attempt at self-defense, there was bloodshed.

Governor Livingston, in his remarkable essays which were published from time to time in the *New-Jersey Gazette*, at Trenton, and which, through their bold reasoning and scoffing ridicule of kingly threats, did more to prevent vacillation and fear, and create in the minds of the New-Jersey patriots the conviction that ultimate success on the part of Great Britain was impossible, than any other agency, hurled defiance at the marauders who were so mercilessly intent upon bringing him to grief. He wrote to his daughter Kitty, about the same time, that he believed "an honest man was a greater scarcity than even hyson or double refined." And in the same letter he went on to say that, if the enemy did not burn "Liberty Hall," he

should think them still greater rascals than ever, as he had really endeavored to deserve that last and most luminous testimony of their inveterate malice. "But," he continued, "we are at present in such a situation that they cannot travel far into New Jersey, nor stay twenty-four hours in the State without exposing themselves to a severe drubbing."

With a view solely to the protection of the place by her presence, Mrs. Livingston returned with her daughters from Parcipany to "Liberty Hall." And it was not long before their courage and self-possession were put to the sharpest test. A party of British troops crossed the bay at midnight with the avowed purpose of "clipping the feathers" of the "despot-in-chief of the rising State of New Jersey." A farmer's son, on a fleet horse without saddle or bridle, brought the news of their approach to the governor, who had just barely time to make his escape. His recent correspondence with Congress, the State officers, and General Washington, with other valuable documents, which would have been deadly ammunition in the hands of the enemy, he confided, in the moment of his hasty departure, to his daughter Susan. She crowded them into the box of a sulky, and had them taken to an upper room.

It was a snowy morning in February, and the roads were hard to travel. Consequently, the day had dawned before the British soldiers came in sight. Susan Livingston stepped upon the roof of the piazza, and stood with a bright-colored shawl thrown about her, watching for the red-coats. A horseman in front of the detachment rode hastily up and begged her to retire, lest some of the soldiers from a distance should mistake her for a man, and fire at her. She attempted to climb in at the window, and found it impossible, although it had been easy enough to get out. The officer, seeing her dilemma, sprang from his horse, ran into the house, and to the roof, and very gallantly lifted her through the casement. She was a handsome young woman of magnetic presence, and, turning to thank her preserver, she inquired to whom she was indebted for the courtesy.

"Lord Cathcart," was the reply.

"And will you," she asked, with a sudden childishness of manner, "protect a little box which contains my own personal property?" then added, quickly, "if you wish, I will unlock the library, and let you have all my father's papers."

Her *ruse* was a success. A guard was placed over the box while the house was ransacked. There are cuts now upon the balusters of the staircase left by the angry Hessians as they found themselves checked in the work which they came to perform. They stuffed a large quantity of old law papers, of no possible use to any one, into their sacks, to which they had been directed with apparent reluctance by the young lady, and tramped back to New York. Some of the leaders of this expedition were heard afterward to remark that it did not seem possible that two such charming and amiable ladies (referring to Susan and Kitty Livingston) could be the daughters of the "arch-fiend" of whom they were in pursuit.

Meanwhile the son and brother, Henry Brockholst Livingston, who was graduated from Princeton College in 1777, and made a captain in the army, and one of the aides of General Schuyler, before he was twenty, had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and, under a furlough from Congress, had sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Jay for Spain. It was he who, after the war, became so prominent a lawyer in New York, and was finally made a judge of the Supreme Court.

In June, 1780, when the British made their memorable incursion into New Jersey, "Liberty Hall" met with another narrow escape. The governor was at Morristown, and the men-servants all took refuge in the woods. The flames of Springfield, and of Connecticut Farms, were in full view, and soldiers were continually passing the house all that dreadful day. In the morning three or four officers had called, and had a short interview with Mrs. Livingston and her daughters. They went away so full of admiration at the coolness and intrepidity of the ladies, as to swear they should not be harmed. The Rivington *Gazette*, the organ of British interest during the Revolution, said Susan Livingston gave one of the officers a rose, as a memento of protection.

At all events, the house was spared, and the inmates treated with courtesy. Late in the evening some British officers called and announced their intention of lodging at "Liberty Hall." It was regarded as an assurance of safety to the family, and the ladies retired. About midnight there was a great hubbub, the officers being called hastily away by some startling news. There was firing all along the road. Presently a band of drunken refugees came staggering through the grounds, and, with horrid oaths, broke into the hall. The woman-servants huddled into the kitchen, and the ladies locked themselves into one of the chambers. Their retreat was soon discovered, and, finding the door was about to be burst in, Kitty Livingston stepped forward and resolutely opened it. A drunken ruffian grasped her by the arm, and she, with the quickness of thought, seized him by the coat-collar. Just then a flash of lightning illuminated the scene, revealing the lady's white robes, as well as white, scared face, and the wretch fell back with an oath, "Good God! it is Mrs. Caldwell, whom we killed to-day!" Meanwhile the same merciful light showed to Susan Livingston the face of one of their former neighbors among the assailants, and, taking advantage of her discovery, she secured his intervention, and the house was cleared.

Governor Livingston wrote a letter shortly after this to his brother Robert, of Livingston Manor, in which, speaking of the contemplated visit of one of his daughters, he said: "I fear Susan will be troublesome in a house so full of company as yours; but my poor girls are so terrified at the frequent incursions of the refugees, that it is a kind of cruelty to insist upon their staying at home, particularly as their mother chooses her solitary life rather than expose them to such continual and disagreeable apprehensions. But she herself will keep the ground to save the place from ruin; and I must quit it to save my body from the provost in New York. But, by the blessing of God, we shall soon drive the devils to Old England."

Kitty Livingston was several times during the war for weeks in camp with Lady Stirling, who was Governor Livingston's sister. She was not, strictly speaking, a beauty; she was darker than Mrs. Jay, and slighter and more delicate than her sister Susan. But her soul shone through a pair of exceedingly gray eyes, so gray indeed that they were not gray, and her independence of style, and never-failing supply of vivacity and general information, rendered her very attractive. She was a piquant and pleasing letter-writer, and kept Mrs. Jay informed of the condition of public affairs in America. Tidbits of gossip are sprinkled through her correspondence; on one occasion she describes the wedding of her cousin, Lady Kitty Alexander, daughter of Lord Stirling, who was married to Colonel William Duer, at Baskingridge, New Jersey, 1779; and, at another time, she tells how lively it is in Morristown, and how their young friend Alexander Hamilton is engaged to Betsy Schuyler. She was often intrusted by her father with the forwarding of important documents to his European correspondents; and she always rallied him upon his ignorance of her character when he hesitated about imparting to her any unpleasant news. She was married at "Liberty Hall," soon after the close of the war, to Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore.

The end finally came, after a struggle of eight years. England's colors came down, and her loyal sons put their powder-horns into their packing-boxes. When they were evacuating New York, Susan Livingston remarked to one of Lord Dorchester's aides:

"Your departure ought to be hastened, for among your incarcerated belles the scarlet fever must rage until you are gone."

"Ah," replied the officer, "if freed from the prevailing malady, they will be tormented by a worse—the blue-devils!"

It was a costly victory which had been won, and many a tear fell amid the general rejoicings. From all quarters came together the limbs and fragments of dismembered families. But charred and silent ruins greeted very many of them in the place of the happy homes they had left. Governor Livingston returned to the peaceful possession of "Liberty Hall," one of the most profoundly grateful of men. The afternoon sun again streamed through his library, which was the great west room of the mansion, and he entered with peculiar zest into all the pleasures and affairs of his family. Society was reconstructed upon pretty nearly the old basis, and dinners, and *fêtes*, and charming reunions, taxed his high-bred hospitality, and made him young again. There were love-romances on the piazza and stately weddings in his parlors, and he grew merry and slightly corpulent amid it all. But his mind was ill at ease about the new nation, which stood like a young child trying to take its first lesson in walking.

Individual pecuniary ruin, a national debt, an impoverished country, a government which had not power to enforce the payment of taxes, or settle conflicting claims, and no harmony of action among the sovereign States,

which had simply leagued together to resist a common enemy, was rather a dubious outlook. After much visionary scheming came a convention, which framed a constitution. Prominent among the fifty-five learned and dignified men who assembled in Independence Hall was Governor Livingston, representing New Jersey. He had aged materially since we met him in the same place eleven years before, and intense republicanism had cropped out even in his toilet. He was now dressed in a plain suit of black. "Remember, gentlemen," said he, "our business is to define for centuries, perhaps forever, the just limits of individual liberty and public sovereignty."

He contributed to the press from the close of the war to the time of his death, often indulged in poetry, and was considered one of the most forcible and elegant writers of the day. But he was a shockingly bad penman. Washington used to say that he was obliged to summon his whole staff to help him decipher one of Livingston's letters. His daughters were his secretaries. Mary Livingston was distinguished above her sisters for the elegance of her chirography.

Washington was on familiar terms with Governor Livingston, and was often entertained at "Liberty Hall." Mrs. Washington, while journeying in her private carriage from Mount Vernon to join her husband in May, 1789, was entertained at "Liberty Hall." This last was a marked occasion. The mansion was decorated with flowers, and Governor Livingston's children—a gifted gathering of men and women—were present to help do the honors. The guest-chamber occupied by Mrs. Washington was over the library. The one set apart for the use of Mrs. Robert Morris was over the hall in the centre of the front of the mansion. The following morning President Washington and suite met Mrs. Washington and her retinue of attendants, and escorted her to New York.

"Liberty Hall" was shortly in mourning. Mrs. Livingston died in July, and a few months later Governor Livingston completed his useful and eventful life. Few public men have inspired warmer personal friendship, or been consigned to the tomb with more touching tenderness and genuine respect.

"Liberty Hall" soon passed into the hands of strangers. It had a romantic episode. It was purchased by Lord Bolingbroke, who ran away from England with the school-girl daughter of Baron Hompasch, leaving an estimable wife to break her heart.

Other changes came swiftly. The governor's brother, Peter Van Brugh Livingston, had a daughter Susan, who married Congressman John Kean. She was left a widow, during which period she purchased "Liberty Hall," and took up her residence there. She afterward married Count Niemcewicz, a Polish nobleman and poet. The beautiful country-seat became once more the centre of attraction for statesmen, scholars, and celebrities. It has ever since been in the possession of the Kean family. The mantle of proprietorship rests at present upon the shoulders of Colonel John Kean, the grandson of the Countess Niemcewicz, great-grand-nephew of Governor Livingston, and brother-in-law of Hon. Hamilton Fish. MARTHA J. LAMB.

THE WALDENBURG ROAD.

THERE is nothing which gives a name an appearance of greater insignificance than one initial. Two initials keep each other company, and the world takes it for granted that they represent names too long, perhaps, to be always spoken or written, but, no doubt, eminently respectable. A single initial, however, looks poverty-stricken; it conveys the idea that the name is not strong enough to show itself, but must hide feebly behind its one poor, starveling letter. "T. A. Brown" is respectable; "Thomas Brown" presents an honest, sturdy front; but "T. Brown" has a timorous aspect, and, whether spoken or written, appears ashamed of himself.

Miss Valeria Valois was a teacher in the Fourth-Ward School, intermediate department. How she came by her *quasi*-royal name, she was herself ignorant. Her grandfather brought it over from France, and supported it, however acquired, by teaching dancing in New York, after the fashion of French *émigrés*; her father had given it to one of his music-pupils, an American girl, who was forthwith disowned by her Dutch-blooded family; and Valeria herself, left an orphan at eighteen, found it, with her education, her only inheritance. But Miss Valois was as proud of her name, no matter how procured, as all the American Stuarts are of theirs. "Valeria," too, was most uncommon; and yet, from the moment her official life began, she was "Miss V. Valley," or "Vallore," or "Valloy," and several other variations, on, as Miss Braddon might say, to the bitter end. If it had been "Miss Valois" simply, she could have lived upon her dignity; but the preceding "V." robbed her of all distinction. "As if there were several hundred Valois on the list!" she said to Mrs. Day, the mistress of the boarding-house whose fourth-story back room was the school-teacher's only home. "Cannot they let me have even my name? Do they want to rob me of my only inheritance?"

"Oh, no, dear!" replied Mrs. Day, kind-hearted, but inattentive. "They wouldn't rob anybody: the board are all very pleasant gentlemen."

"But they *have* robbed me," persisted Valeria, who occasionally talked to Mrs. Day for the simple reason that she had no one else to talk to. "Look at this—'Miss V. Valloy!'"

"Seems to me it's near enough, considering—"

"Considering what?"

"Considering it isn't a good, plain, square name."

"Thank Heaven, there's nothing square about it!" said the school-teacher. "But why could they not have put 'Valeria' in full? It is an imperial name."

"Well, it may be that, my dear, but it's none the less queer; for my part, it always reminds me of valerian," replied good Mrs. Day, beginning to wash the breakfast-dishes.

"Valerian? Horrors on horrors!" exclaimed Miss Valois, half angry, half laughing. "'V. Valloy!' I might as well be 'Pat Malloy' at once!"

Whereupon Mrs. Day's son, a youth of musical proclivities, began chanting the well-known ballad—

> "'At fifteen years of age I was
> My mother's fair-haired boy.
> She kept a little huckster's shop;
> Her name it was Malloy,'" etc.

Miss Valois, having been favored with this *Volkslied*, with all its verses and variations, many times over during recess, now took her departure to the fourth-story room to escape the harrowing repetition. At school she could not escape, but it was vacation now, and the slave was free. She sat down in her one easy-chair, and meditated. O Heavens! the dreariness of her lot! The exclamation may be pardoned—for to the Heavens only could she appeal; Earth would not help her. "You have your salary," said Earth; "you are paid for your labor. Is it my fault that your mother eloped, and was disinherited? Musicians are always improvident, but I cannot help that; I am sure I do my best to frown them down; and, in this case, what is the result? Your father dies, your mother follows him, and you are left on my hands. You are lonely? Then, why not make friends? It is your pride that keeps you lonely. The other teachers, as poor as yourself, have friends. You are growing old? Well, can I keep you young? There was John Nott—you might have married him."

"But I did not love him; we were not suited to each other," objected Valeria, bearing her part in the silent colloquy.

"Women should always yield in minor matters, and he would have given you at least a home."

"Whether right or wrong, the past is past. All that was seven years ago. At present I am thirty years old; my health is broken, my nerves shattered, and I have not been able, with all my year-long drudgery, to lay by more than a few hundred dollars. If I should be really ill! I cannot dig; to beg, I am ashamed. O Earth, what shall I do?"

"You need not appeal to me," answered the Earth. "I have done all I can for you; I allow you to teach, and pay you for your services. Thousands envy you. Look at the factories, the tenement-houses, the streets in the lower part of the city, and be ashamed of your discontent."

The Earth spoke the hard truth, after her fashion; but none the less did the woman suffer, and, turning away, cry to the Heavens for help. She carried up her appeal to the supreme court. An answer came, which had at least the merit of sympathy.

"Go," it said—"go forth into the fields, out under the broad sky, poor tired creature. I know that you are worked to the last fibre of endurance, and that your nerves are strained nearly to the breaking."

"But dare I spend my poor little store of money?" asked Valeria, trembling with hope, but still afraid.

"Yes, freely. It is to save your health, perhaps your life. Take it—and let not an after-thought rob you of your holiday."

To all persons gifted or cursed with imagination, there comes occasionally an intense desire for change. The desire is not founded upon, neither can it be defended by,

reason; reason has nothing to do with it. But none the less does it come from the very depths of the being. Women have generally more imagination than men, therefore to them this desire comes more frequently; hence they are reproached as changeable. The unimaginative half of the world is all the time saying to the other half, "Why do you wish to go away? You are far more comfortable at home."

The other half, exasperated at the impossibility of making itself understood, replies impatiently, "Who wants to be comfortable?" And thereby earns a general epithet of "fool." Ah, the poor fools! they have the worst of it. They sit at home, pining, pining; prisoners behind the bars, homesick as Sterne's poor starling, they cry forever, "I can't get out!" When a man has no imagination he is satisfied to do the same things, to see the same people, to hear the same ideas, to walk the same streets day after day, convinced that the world holds, on the whole, no better people, ideas, or streets; and he has, alas! the bald, hard truth on his side. But the imaginative heart can never see this truth; it is always seeking, longing, for something better or more beautiful, and finds its life and happiness in the quest. Let it alone, and it will rove on, seeking always, happy always, and dying at last undiscouraged, undisappointed, to find its ideal in another world. But tie it down, call it a fool, murder its beautiful hope before its very eyes, and it may live, perhaps, as a machine lives, but the soul is gone. Carlyle has given voice to this truth when he says, "The love of change is grounded on the difference between anticipation and reality, and dwells with man till the age when habit becomes stronger than desire, or anticipation ceases to be hope."

Valeria Valois was of the imaginative half; she took her little store of money from the savings-bank ("O fool!" said the stay-at-homes), and journeyed away from the hot city. Looking out through the car-windows, she saw, first, market-gardens; then ragged patches of forest-land fenced in with zigzag rail-fences; and these in turn softened down into the corn and wheat fields of Central Ohio, which extend literally as far as the eye can reach. She was not going absolutely into *terra incognita;* years before, when a child, her large-eyed, fragile mother had taken her down into the corn-country, and the two had wandered along the paths by the river-side, through the orchards, and a little way up the Waldenburg Hills; not far, for the road was steep and stony, and the mother's strength small. And now, when the poor mother had been long years in her grave, the daughter, herself a weary woman, came back to the old scenes, and tried to live over the old life. The small German farm-house, standing prosperously amid its great red barns, received her again; there was the same perfume of dried rose-leaves in the bare little bedroom, the same plain, hearty food on the kitchen table. In addition, there was curiosity, openly expressed, over her unmarried state, blunt comments upon her want of flesh and color, and plain questions as to the exact state of her finances. But the good people meant no harm, they were kind after their slow fashion, and too busy to question long; so, after giving their guest good food and a broad-brimmed straw hat, they recommended a course of rest and sunshine, and left her to herself; which was what Miss Valois most desired.

For several days she sat under the willows by the river, or lay on the clean grass under the clean apple-trees; why is it that a young orchard always seems so clean? She lived half asleep through the long days, and half awake through the still nights, and rested, and rested—and rested. But one day a wind came down the valley and stirred the corn so that it undulated like a green sea, the tranquil river came up against the dike with a wash, and the lily-pads heaved up and down on its tide. Valeria felt the wind like a cordial; it seemed to clear out her brain and warm up her heart; she sprang up from her lazy posture, and looked around with a new bright vision. To the north, the south, and the east, there were only the level fields; but in the west rose the Waldenburg Hills. She crossed the long bridge, left the river-road, climbed the upland pasture, and entered their wild domain.

Rich Ohio has few sterile tracts; this is one. It looks as if a group of rugged, cone-shaped hills had been set down by mistake in the midst of the farming country; these hills carry with them their own dark ravines, abrupt angles, and mountain vegetation; the wind is always blowing through their defiles and over their bald tops; the trees have a wild look, and grow in strange shapes with an outlaw's freedom, quite unlike the rank and file of the regular army, the trim beeches and maples of the plain below. Once within the circle of these hills, you might fancy yourself in Scotland. There are moors there also; moors such as the Brontë sisters loved, those three gifted sisters leading their strange solitary life together in their barren Haworth home. On the heights grow larches, not in green tiers, as in city gardens, but wild and fantastic, beckoning with their long green fingers in the breeze, as though they said, "Friend, come up hither, and I will show you fairy-land." You go up, and find only a new outlook over other hills equally wild and barren; but it is no use remonstrating with the larches—it's well known they are witches among trees.

Valeria roamed through the forest; it was not dense, and the wind made a rushing sound among the branches. She felt blithe, her pulses beat quickly, and she hummed a little song. There were no flowers, but she trimmed her hat and dress with little leaves, taking especial care that the sprays should be irregularly placed. "Nothing shall be in order, or after a rule," she thought. "I should like to make the very stars turn topsy-turvy."

Jeremiah McGill, Esquire, the school-superintendent, would have dismissed this young person at once could he have heard these words. Mr. McGill was a great man: order was his first law; his principal grievance in life was that Providence had allowed exceptions to rules.

The woods ended, and the hills grew more and more wild; here and there a tree stood, like a sentinel, on the highest point, as if it had climbed there to enjoy the view; the short turf was hardy and brown; pebbles lay thick over its expanse, and in places the stone ridges cropped out, covered with mosses and lichens. Suddenly, at the top of a short ascent, Valeria, breathless, came upon an old road. It was a desolate old track, untraveled and lonely, with no trace of wagon-wheel or horse's foot to cheer its age, gullied, sidling, and in some places overgrown with turf and mountain-weeds. Yet it was a road regularly and carefully made over the hills, not a mere wood-track or trail. It was a hard-working road, too; it had not been taught the craft of the modern engineer, how not to do it; but resolutely it faced its duty, and went sharply up and sharply down every hill as a matter of conscience. No slipping through valleys, and winding around instead of over, for this sturdy old conservative.

Valeria did not know whence it came, nor whither it went; so much the better. She enjoyed the mystery. "It is always a trouble to decide which way to go," she said to herself; "the freed slave cannot forget his chains. I may think I am rambling entirely at random over these hills; but, in spite of myself, I am constantly choosing my path, now behind that rock, now over this hill, now for this reason, now for that. Here is a road. I have no idea where it is going. I will follow it, and thus relieve my mind of all care and responsibility."

The poor old road was, no doubt, glad to have a companion; it led the way down into a dark ravine, and showed Valeria a gay little brook running along over water-falls and rapids with a merry, rushing sound; then, making a sudden turn, it climbed half-way up a hill, and paused beside a spring, carefully curbed with large stones, and clear and cold as ice. Valeria drank, and then sat awhile looking into the still water. We all feel an affection for springs. I suppose there is hardly a man who has not, in some corner of his heart, the picture of a spring where, as a boy, he drank long draughts—a spring whose memory comes back to him in sickness, whose far-away waters seem purer and colder than any he can now obtain, though brought to him in crystal pitcher tinkling with floating ice. The old road made a broad curve around this spring, so that a dozen teams might stand together there; but time had effaced the marks of eager feet, the stone coping was mossy, and here and there were breaks through which the water trickled out and soaked the ground below. "Who last stopped here?" thought Valeria. "Old road, do you know?" But the road was in haste to get away, and hurried on, Valeria following. Now she climbed a steep hill, and paused on its breezy summit to count the peaks round about; now she ran down a long slope faster and faster, unable to stop, laughing and shouting, like a wild creature, from sheer exhilaration; now she walked through a defile, with rocky walls on each side, and now she came out upon a rolling moor, with furze-bushes, and a few merry daisies, here and there, rollicking in the sunshine. It had rained the previous night, and the old road was fresh and elastic; all the vegetation had been washed, and there was no dust be-

tween the earth and the sky; Valeria could look far up into the blue. "Old road," she said, "do you know where you are going?" But the silent road went on its way, gullied and sidling, but persevering through all difficulties, until it came to the top of a hill, where a single larch-tree stood, and pointed with all its fingers toward a little church crowning a neighboring eminence, with only, apparently, one deep valley between. It was a small stone building, with a dwarf tower; a stone-wall, crumbled and full of breaches, surrounded its domain, the whole top of the hill; and a tall, white cross stood by itself in the inclosure, which seemed to be a place of burial, dotted with low head-stones. Below the hill-top, on the far side, Valeria could see the roof of a house. "A church!" she exclaimed; for, in her isolation and exhilaration, she talked aloud to herself, as people do only once or twice in a lifetime. "Who built it? Who goes to it? It must be for the moorland fairies and rock-gnomes; unless, indeed, you keep it for your own private chapel, you solemn old road. I will go over and find out. Of course, you, too, are on your way there." The road started down the hill directly toward the church, but at the base it turned away and went off on a tangent. Valeria followed, hoping that it would turn back again, but it went straight on, and even veered farther and farther away; the little church was lost to view, and, apparently, she was leaving it far behind. At length, discouraged with its obstinacy, she turned aside into the moorland waste, and, throwing a line mentally across the hill toward the point where she supposed the church to be, followed it on and on, climbing one hill only to find another, wandering through new ravines and coming out on new slopes, where the breeze and the sky were as fresh as ever, but no church in sight on any side. Now that she had an object again, Valeria felt herself growing eager; she ran forward, she climbed, she hastened up the ascents, she was sure the little sanctuary was just beyond, ever just beyond. At last, after an hour's hunt, she found it, with an old road quietly leading up to its door, a road suspiciously like the one she had left. She ran back over its winding track; yes, there were her foot-marks where she had turned off into the waste on her will-o'-the-wisp chase. That deceitful old road had doubled on its own track, and come straight back, while she had been going around in circles! After this last performance it went quietly up to the church and stopped. That was its end. "I suppose it took orders, and went into religious life," said Valeria; "but, like many another monk, it was tricky in its youth."

She went first to the little house; it was deserted; the front-door stood open, and the storms had made havoc with the interior. The few rooms were empty; not a vestige remained of human inhabitants save a scrap of paper in a closet, preserved, by chance, in a dry corner. Idly Valeria took it up and glanced at the printed words. "Life is pretty much what we make it," wrote the country editor, "and we can rest assured that, if we are miserable, in nine cases out of ten it is our own fault. There is no dog so forlorn that he don't have his day, and the trouble with us is that we don't take our day when it comes. There is only one thing which makes life happy, and that is—" here the paper was torn across, and the editorial came to an end. "Religion, I suppose," thought Valeria, supplying the missing word.

Miss Valois was not a church-goer—that is, with any regularity. She had fought too hard against her fate to feel resigned; the only service that would have suited her usual teaching-mood was the "Commination Service" of the Church of England. But there was nothing here to excite her wrath, her cares were left behind, there were no fine ladies to ignore her out of existence with their unseeing, scornful eyes; she and Queen Nature might worship together undisturbed. She went up to the little church. The turnstile swung slowly as if stiff with age, the pathway was overgrown with grass, but the door of the solitary hill-temple was carefully fastened, and the glass of its little high-up windows whole. Neither man nor storm had desecrated the consecrated walls thus left unguarded. Perhaps the company of graves behind, lying together under the sentinel-cross, had helped this reverence. The rough head-stones bore no names, however—the little band, whoever they were, lay mute under the sod.

A stunted tree grew near the side of the church; Valeria climbed up into its crotch, opened one of the windows, propped it with a branch, and, creeping through, dropped down to the floor inside. The little sanctuary was unadorned and barren; it had a rude stone font, an altar-table, and a pulpit, where the departed pastor had stood when addressing his flock; benches were fixed to the floor and pegs to the wall, but nothing movable remained. Valeria went up into the pulpit, and imagined herself addressing a congregation composed of school-superintendents and fine ladies with scornful, ignoring eyes. "My text is—" she began, but she could not think of a text, and paused to consider. The only verse that came to her mind was, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; and if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home."

"But if they have no husbands," thought Valeria, "what then?" She was considering this subject, when suddenly a shadow darkened the open window. So utterly alone had she been since early morning that her heart seemed to stop beating when, looking up, she saw a man's head there. Who could it be? She stood still in the pulpit, paralyzed with fear. City courage is at a loss in the lonely country; it knows not what to do.

"Valeria," said a voice—"Valeria!"

"My name," she thought, vaguely.

"Don't you know me?" continued the voice, while the man to whom it belonged climbed through the window; then he took off his straw hat, and, laughing, came toward the pulpit. "You look very picturesque up there with your leaf-trimmed dress, Miss Minister."

"John Nott!" exclaimed Valeria.

"The same, at your service, Miss Valois."

"How did you get here?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"How did you know that I was here?"

"Magnetic attraction."

"What did you come for?"

"Especially to hear your sermon, reverend lady," replied John, taking a seat on one of the benches.

"Very well," said Valeria. "My text is—" but here she remembered the verse that had suggested itself, and its subsequent train of thought, and the color rose in her cheeks.

"Hav'n't forgotten it, I hope?" said John.

She still held the scrap of paper. "This will do," she thought, and read it aloud. "My text is as follows: 'Life is pretty much what we make it, and we can rest assured that, if we are miserable, in nine cases out of ten it is our own fault. There is no dog so forlorn that he don't have his day, and the trouble with us is that we don't take our day when it comes. There is only one thing which makes life happy, and that is—'"

"Love," said John.

"I know nothing about that; *I* was going to say 'religion,'" said Valeria, loftily.

"Which do you know the most about, Miss Valois?"

"You are right; I know nothing about either. I will finish the sentence honestly—'there is only one thing which makes life happy, and that is'—dogged endurance."

"Excellent! The text discoursed of dogs, I believe. Come down, now; you cannot improve upon that. I will take my turn; I have long wanted to preach you a sermon."

Miss Valois descended and gravely seated herself on the bench, while John Nott took his place in the pulpit. He was a broad-shouldered man, with bold features, dark eyes, and a general aspect which was almost heavy in its massive repose; his hair was dark and close-cut; there was nothing graceful or poetical about him; and, as he rested his large, strong hands on the pulpit-front, Valeria Valois thought that he looked every inch a John Nott; that is to say, a blunt, curt man, most appropriately engaged in the hardware business.

"Strange," she thought to herself, "that the only man who ever loved me should be such a one as this! I wonder what he sees in me?"

He saw a woman who had never been beautiful even in youth, and who was now pale, thin, and worn; he saw a woman who had scornfully repulsed him seven years before, who had told him to his face that he was utterly commonplace; who, in her poverty and isolation, held herself far above him.

But—he loved her.

As a question apart, it may be asked, "Why did Miss Valois hold herself above John Nott?" He knew nothing of music beyond a man's liking for a tune; he was not up in Schiller and Goethe; he could not discourse upon art; he did not enjoy Ruskin; he cared little, in short, for the emotions of the soul, he cared more for the present than the past, and more for his native land than the whole continent of Europe ten times over. Therefore, he was to her *anathema maranatha*. In addition, he liked to read newspapers, and wanted to discuss the questions of

the hour. Now, Valeria would have discussed the Greeks and Romans; she might even have condescended as far as King Charles the Martyr, or the inherent rights of the Bourbons; but the plebeian, petty affairs of Ohio were beneath her notice.

But, with all her follies, John Nott loved her.

"For my text," he began, "I will take your own words: 'There is only one thing which makes life happy, and that is—love.' Valeria Valois, you are all wrong. Seven years ago I asked you to be my wife—my dearly-loved wife. You refused—and with scorn. Have you been happy? Let us see what your life is. You spend your days in a close room, wearing out your strength and nerves in a routine that kills—sooner or later kills the brain. The teachers in the lower departments of the public schools are necessarily automatons: they must follow exact rules, and all individuality of method is taken from them. The more mind they have, the more deadly the slavery; the more spirit, the heavier the bondage. No sooner have they patiently toiled over the road with one set of children, than they are sent back to begin over again with a new set. The children vary, but the road never varies; it is like a treadmill."

"Quite true," responded the congregation. "The picture is cleverly painted."

It sat upright now, this listening congregation of one, armed at all points with the old scorn.

"Physically, the strain is even worse. You were never beautiful, Miss Valois; to-day you are, to ordinary eyes, without a charm. You had bloom; it is gone. You had rounded curves; they are gone. You had a willowy grace of your own; it is gone. You are pale, thin, and listless; your face shows lines, your forehead shows furrows, and your mouth, always your worst feature from its expression of scorn, is now additionally ugly from habitual discontent. Your hands were once fair and gentle; they are now thin and aggressive. Seven years of hard, monotonous labor have left you thus; a little more, and you will have passed into the hopeless stage of permanent school-marmism, with its dull voice and fixed smile. Remember, however, that I am looking at you now with ordinary eyes."

"You have no right to look at me with any other eyes," responded the congregation, hotly.

No congregation likes to hear itself called old and ugly, whatever the facts may be.

"Yes, I have, Miss Valois; the right of a man who loves you. There is no right so sacred and so strong."

"I deny it utterly."

The preacher ignored the interruption, and calmly pursued the thread of his discourse:

"Mentally and physically exhausted, without resources, what have you to look forward to? Three results: you may die; you may break down and be left upon the cold charity of the world; or, with all your individuality and sensibilities destroyed, you may live on, a mere machine, until, with gray hair and dim eyes, you retire upon your hoarded starvation pittance, as utterly incapable of enjoyment as the poor prisoner in the 'Tale of Two Cities.'"

The voice ceased, and the congregation covered its face with its poor hands; the picture was its own dark nightmare, brought cruelly and forcibly out into the broad light of day.

The preacher went on:

"I cannot and will not wait for you forever. Why should I? Much as you despise me, know that it is not impossible for others to love me; yes, even me! If I chose, I could this moment be in a home of my own, where my step—yes, my heavy step which you dislike—would bring joy to a loving heart;

"'Oh, don't kill him!' she said, with admiring eyes. Her terror had vanished."—Page 10.

where my name, my common name which is so distasteful to you, would be the dearest word on earth to gentle lips. I know nothing of your classical music? Granted. But some one would love to sing the ballads I like. I know nothing of foreign literature? Granted. But some one would prefer the poor books I like. The newspapers you despise some one would arrange carefully beside my easy-chair; and this same some one would love to feel my hand—this large, hard-working hand which you scorn—resting on her golden hair."

"You are fortunate," said the congregation, in its coldest tone.

"But the pity of it all is, that I love *you*, Miss Valois—only you."

"What is that to me?"

"Simply this: you have now a chance, a last chance, to escape from your hopeless, dreary life. I am not rich, as you know, but I shall never be poorer, and I have that daily, plodding, plebeian industry which is sure to succeed in time. I am able now to have a home of my own, and fool enough to want you in it."

"I will never marry for a home," said the congregation.

"Why not for a husband, then?"

"You!"

"Yes, me. You need not try to kill me with your eyes. What is your idea, pray? I know it without your answer. Some fine-toned, mooning fellow, who knows all about high art, who shudders over band-music, who goes through life suffering acutely in every sense from the contact of the common herd. A man who disdains the politics of his own country and the questions of the day, to rhapsodize over the past! A man who scorns America, and goes wild over every thing foreign and old! Great Heavens! Our life is but short, and shall we spend it down among the dead men? Is there nothing to do in the great to-day, that we must devote ourselves entirely to yesterday?"

In his warmth, the red came up into the preacher's cheeks, and his dark eyes gleamed. The congregation looked at him with slow surprise; could it be that John Nott was handsome, after all?

"I know the man, and I despise him," continued the preacher. "Such as he is, however, he will never look at you! He is found only among the rich, this small-brained sybarite! If not rich himself, he marries for money. You will find that he never discerns kindred souls among the poor! Do not flatter yourself; if he should meet you a hundred times he would see in you only a poverty-stricken old maid. The ladies of his fancy ride in their own carriages."

The congregation had now a bright-red spot in each of its cheeks, and, in its anger, it was equal to any emergency; no danger now of a hard lump in the throat, or a tell-tale mist in the eyes. The preacher came down from the pulpit.

"Valeria," he said, standing before her, "for the last time I ask you, will you be my wife?"

"I will not be your wife."

"I love you, Valeria."

No answer.

"Think of it a moment. Will you reject this great gift, the love of an honest man? And, on your own side, think of your life; this is your only chance."

"Heavens and earth, John Nott! Do you tell me that again? Will you never understand that that has nothing to do with the question? I will not marry you, because I do not love you. That is the whole of it."

"But I long to make you comfortable, dear; and perhaps I could make you love me. Indeed, I am sure I could," said this resolute lover.

This calm certainty roused all the pride in proud Valeria's heart.

"Listen," she said, in her French way—"listen. I not only do not love you, but I absolutely hate you! Will that suffice, sir?"

"It will," answered John Nott, likewise angry. "Miss Valois, I shall not trouble you again. The subject is at an end forever."

He turned away, but not without a look of scorn. The woman he loved had turned into a scorpion. No gentle heart could cherish ugly hate.

"I hope," began Valeria, after a moment's silence, "that you will not think me—"

"The subject is at an end forever, Miss Valois."

"For my own sake, however, I must apologize for my rude manner—"

"The manner is nothing to me; your little furies are beneath my notice. You are a fool to refuse me, and I am a fool for loving you! But, as Heaven is my witness, I will surely root out this folly from my heart, and cast it away forever."

"So much the better," replied Miss Valois, putting on her gloves with minute care. "I really must start back to the farm-house. Go first, please."

John Nott wrenched up some of the benches by main strength, made a passable ladder to the window for Valeria's benefit, but swung himself up by his hands and sprang down on the outside. Valeria climbed cautiously up to the sill, and, with much inward trepidation, managed, after several attempts, to reach the crotch in the tree; she had lost her coolness, and was really trembling when she reached the ground. John had not offered to assist her, had not even glanced toward her; he stood at some distance, whistling to himself, with his hands in the pockets of his short sack-coat. As she turned down the overgrown path, he walked back, swung himself up with one hand, closed the window, and then rejoined her.

"I do not know where this road goes," said Valeria, taking forcible hold of her composure and speaking in an even voice. "I came into it by chance."

"It leads back to the river; I came out on it, and found your foot-marks turning into it about half a mile from the bridge. The people in the house there told me you had gone up into the Waldenburg Hills."

"How did you know I had left the city?"

"I missed you, and went to your boarding-house to inquire where you had gone; I have not lost sight of you for seven years."

Then there was another silence.

"I wonder why this old road was ever made?" began Valeria again, in a light, conversational tone, remembering, with a sinking heart, the long walk back to the farm-house, but determined not to give way or betray her depression and fatigue.

"Oh, I found out all about it," replied practical John. "It was laid out about twenty years ago by a little colony of Germans, who settled among these hills and tried to make a business of getting out the stone. They were Pietists, and built, first of all, that little church, selecting the highest peak, so that its white cross could be seen from all their lonely homes, like a beacon set on a hill. The deserted house near by was the home of their pastor."

"But I have seen no other houses."

"They are mostly east of the church, near the deserted quarries; but we pass one or two on the way back."

"What became of the colony?" asked Valeria, determined to keep up the conversation.

"They labored patiently, in the German fashion, for several years; but the ground was hard and sterile, and they could not compete with the quarries on the line of the railroads farther north. A number of them died, their graves are there behind the church; and at last, discouraged, they sent an agent farther to the West and purchased some fine valley-land in Illinois, removing thither, with all their possessions. Their church, their dead, and their carefully-made road, they could not take; so they left them behind, hidden away in these hills, with the white cross to mount guard over them."

"Why should they have selected this sterile spot?" said Valeria, bringing another question promptly to the front.

"They did not select it; their agent was cheated. Immigrants are often cheated; shame to our country that it should be so!"

"Ohio is, however, generally speaking, a rich State," remarks Miss Valois, in her school-mistress tone.

"Yes; it is a regular Scriptural land, with its corn and wine and oil! I suppose petroleum will do for oil, won't it?"

"Pray, do not be so irreverent, Mr. Nott."

"Oh, yes—I dare say! Saul among the prophets!"

Miss Valois did not venture to rebuke this sarcastic compliment. But, after a moment, she bravely began again:

"I am always surprised when I realize that Ohio is twice as large as Switzerland. Greece also, the famous land, which fills so large a portion of the world's libraries, could be put down in it, twice over; and Holland or Denmark would fill only its corners."

To this instructive remark, John Nott made no reply whatever, and a long pause ensued. Valeria was conscious of this silence in every vein, but she had not the voice to say any thing more; she felt suffocated.

By-and-by, they came to a wide gully, through which ran a brawling brook, spreading itself out with noisy glee. There was no way of crossing except wading. Valeria looked doubtfully at her boots; she had not many pairs, and, for a poor teacher, was somewhat fastidious as to their shape.

"I will carry you across," said John.

"Oh, no!"

"Why not? You cannot walk all the way back in wet shoes. You are nothing to me, and I am nothing to you; you can look upon me simply as a conveniently strong porter."

So he lifted her, and bore her across as easily as though she had been a child.

When she regained her feet, she glanced at him with momentary shyness; but a *bona-fide* porter could not have been more indifferent. Rather indignant, and indignant with herself for being indignant, she walked on rapidly.

"Will this road never come to an end?" she said, impatiently, as a turn disclosed a new vista.

"It certainly is a tiresome, decrepit old road," answered her companion, assenting cordially to the impatience.

"I did not find it so when I came out," said Valeria, immediately veering round. "The moors, the larches, the sunshine, and especially the loneliness, were delightful."

"You know, I suppose—not that it is any thing to me, however—that it may not be exactly safe for you to be roaming around here alone."

"I am not timid," said Valeria, proudly.

"You are strong-minded, I know," replied John, calmly.

Valeria had a branch in her hand, and revenged herself upon the flaunting weeds by the roadside, decapitating them ruthlessly; the horrible term "strong-minded" cut her like a knife.

"At least, I am not so weak-minded as to prefer a companion who openly derides me to none at all," she said, angrily.

"Very well; I will walk behind you. To all intents and purposes you shall be alone, Miss Valois," answered John, pausing.

Valeria walked on, with gleaming eyes and scarlet cheeks; John fell behind, and when at last she allowed herself to glance back, he was not in sight.

"Now I shall be comfortable again," she said to herself, and began humming a little song. But the song, for some reason, was not a success. "I am too near him," she thought. "I must free myself entirely from the idea of his presence. Hate him? Yes, indeed! What hard, cruel things he said to me! In all my life no one has ever been so cruel before!—He shall not dog my footsteps. He is not in sight—I will run on, and put a good half-mile between us." Glancing back to see that she was alone, she ran rapidly down the road, laughing to herself over her stratagem. At length, out of breath, she paused, and walked slowly down into a dark ravine, through which the road passed. She was, at last, once more alone. "I am so glad," she said, decidedly; and once more she took up the unfinished song.

But, down in the heart of the defile, where the woods were thick and dark, she came suddenly upon a tramp. He was a horrible creature, a tramp of the worst aspect, not merely dirty, but also ruffianly; not merely poverty-stricken, but also sodden with low vice. The tramp was equally startled. He had not expected to meet a lady on the deserted Waldenburg road, a lady with her dress adorned with vines, and a gold watch gleaming in her belt; the watch was old-fashioned, a solitary relic of the happy days of Valeria's poor mother, but it was none the less gold, and the tramp's eyes fixed themselves upon it. He looked wolfishly around, there was no one in sight; he listened, there was no one within hearing. "Give it to me," he said, stretching out a dirty-clawed hand and pointing to the watch. Valeria, dumb with fear, detached it, and gave it into the clutch of the extended claws. Where was now her boasted courage? Cultivated women have no courage under such circumstances. They know that resistance is worse than useless.

The tramp was agreeably surprised; he had expected a struggle such as women of his own class would have made, and had already moistened his palms in order to get a good hold. "Have yer got any money?" he demanded, pocketing the watch. Yes. Valeria, woman-like, had with her all the money she possessed in the world; not much, but her all. She hesitated.

"If yer don't give it to me, I'll knock yer down and take it," pursued the tramp, calculating his distance. Valeria looked back down the road. But her running had been swift, and John Nott must have been left far behind. The tramp saw the movement, and, fearing lest his prey should escape, sprang upon her with a fierce oath; with desperate quickness she eluded his horrible grasp, but gave up the wallet containing the money, throwing it on the ground to escape a closer contact. "Is that all yer've got?" said the man, hastily tearing it open and counting the precious little store. Apparently it was more than he expected, for he grinned and prepared to be off; he had come into a streak of luck, and was not going to presume too much upon it. Rogues are ever superstitious.

"I've a good mind to sarch yer," he said, as a last salutation, more for the fun of the thing than from any real intention. He had his sense of the humorous, tramp though he was, and the spectacle of a leaf-decked, delicate lady trembling like a culprit before his dirty self amused him greatly. "I'll come back for the rest another time," he said; "mind yer keep a good lookout for me."

This was clearly a work of supererogation on the tramp's part; Valeria needed no such warning; from that time forth for evermore she would indeed keep a good lookout, and a far lookout, for desolate ravines inhabited by highwaymen who demanded your money or your life. She had always admired Schiller's "Robbers." "Ah! there is a work of genius!" she had often said. "How different from the commonplace life of to-day!" But it had never occurred to her that the gallant robbers might be exceedingly dirty as well as gallant.

With a parting grin the tramp disappeared, and then Miss Valois sank down upon the ground and began to cry; but not heartily, not aloud, until she heard a well-known step coming down the road; and then, feeling herself safe again, her terror and grief surged up to the surface, and broke forth in sobs and hysterical cries.

John Nott rushed toward her. "O John!" she said, as he knelt down by her side—"O John!"

"What is it?" he asked, in alarm; but even then he governed himself, and there was no tenderness in his voice. Valeria felt this instantly, and withdrew from his support as she told her story brokenly, remembering, as she spoke, how he had warned her of just such dangers, and how she had spurned his warning with her boasted courage. There was not much courage left in her now; her very finger-ends were unnerved.

"I shouldn't have minded him so much if he hadn't been so dirty," she concluded, plucking up a feeble spirit in the comfort of a stalwart protector. But John was off before she could stop him.

"Mr. Nott—John!" she called, in renewed terror. Was she to be left alone again? Was she of no more consequence than that? What was the miserable tramp, compared to her feelings? But John did not return, and, in a spasm of fear, she crouched beneath some bushes, seeing a stealthy highwayman lurking behind every tree. She endured, in those moments, more torment than ever in her life before; not only was she palpitating with alarm, but her heart was crushed with the sense of a blank disappointment, which she would not, perhaps could not, understand.

But had she not given him up seven years before? Yes, verbally. But, in her heart, a woman never gives up a lover, no matter what may intervene, no matter if they are both happily married elsewhere, until, with her own eyes, she can see that she is no longer any thing to him. It may be, indeed it generally is, a mere matter of vanity, and so deeply concealed that its existence is rarely suspected; but it is there. And so Valeria, for the first time in seven years, felt the depths shaken: he no longer loved her! Then came, suddenly, the vision of that "some one" with her "golden hair." "Very well," she said to herself, with fresh tears welling up, "it is nothing to me!" And she seemed to see her own tombstone, with the inscription, "Valeria Valois, aged thirty years." Underneath the name, there formed themselves the words, "If we are miserable, in nine cases out of ten it is our own fault." That reminded her that she had the scrap of newspaper still in her pocket, and, taking it out, she read over the fragment mechanically. "There is no dog so forlorn that he don't have his day, and the trouble with us is, that we don't take our day when it comes. There is only one thing which makes life happy, and that is—," and here she thought of the word which John had supplied, and dropped the paper to bury her face in her hands.

At this moment she heard a trampling sound and a howl, and John came into view through the trees, dragging the highwayman after him; with one hand he held the man by the throat, with the other he pinioned his two arms behind his back. John's face was red, and his clothes disordered by the contest; but to Valeria he looked like an archangel, as his great strength showed itself on the struggling wretch in his grasp.

"Oh, don't kill him!" she said, with admiring eyes. Her terror had vanished.

"Kill him? Of course not. I shall only

give him a good thrashing after you have told me what he took from you."

"My watch."

"You hear? The watch!" thundered John, releasing one hand of his prisoner.

The tramp drew out the watch from some receptacle among his rags, and, in obedience to a signal, laid it on the ground.

"What else?" said John.

"My wallet, containing eighty dollars."

"You hear? The wallet!"

The tramp hesitated; but the powerful hand tightened its grasp on his throat, and he drew out the money.

"You had better count it," said John; and, as Valeria moved toward the wallet, "don't touch it with your hands," he added, quickly. "Take a stick."

"Then he doesn't think my hands are so ugly, after all," was the flashing thought that crossed Valeria's mind; she obeyed without a word, however, and, with the aid of two sticks, slowly opened the wallet and counted the money, spreading the bills on the ground. The tramp watched her with disappointed eyes; the luck had turned on him.

"It is all here," said Valeria.

"I suppose you don't want to see me thrash him," said John, dragging the man away. "Wait here. I will be back in a few minutes."

He disappeared. But, O feminine inconsistency! Valeria softly followed, and, unseen herself, witnessed the performance from a safe distance, and gloried in it. After a while, however, she called out, "Don't hurt him, John. Pray, don't!"

"Are *you* there," answered John, thrashing away without pause.

"Oh, John, don't! You will hurt him."

"That is what I intend."

"Please, John. Oh, please!"

"Very well, my man; you may go. But, if it were not for the lady, you would not get off so easily."

The man slunk away like a whipped dog.

"I should not have let him escape," said John, wiping his forehead, "if I did not think you almost as much to blame as he. Ladies with gold watches and wallets are not often to be met with walking alone on the Waldenburg Road. Supposing I had not been here?"

He gathered up the bills, and put them with the watch into his pocket. "I will get you fresh bills, and have the watch cleaned," he said.

Valeria was silent, and they started on. The old road soon came up into the sunshine again, and the moors, the breeze, and the larches, were as gay as ever. This time John kept up the conversation; he saw that Valeria was exhausted and pale, but he saw nothing else. He had received his sentence. He had played his game and lost it. Deliberately, scornfully, she had again rejected him, and certainly he should not give her a third opportunity! The affair was over forever. But, to do him justice, even then he never once thought of that golden-haired some one; still less of his encounter with the tramp. Valeria, however, was thinking of both.

"I presume it will storm before night," said John, looking at the rising clouds. "There is, unfortunately, no signal-station down here. What a wonderful thing the signal-service is!"

Valeria agreed that it was wonderful.

"Our lake-vessels now depend entirely upon the signals," continued John. "You may not be aware that there is afloat on the lakes this summer a total tonnage of more than sixty-eight million, forty-six thousand, three hundred and seventy-eight."

Valeria was not aware of it, and was duly impressed with the fact.

John discoursed learnedly on this and kindred subjects, all the while striding over the ground so rapidly that Valeria could hardly keep pace with him. She kept up her end of the conversation first with monosyllables, then not at all; but John bravely began and sustained a solo, which lasted until the road came out on a hill-top, and showed them the river, the corn-fields, and the farm-house below. They were out of the wilderness at last.

"The new transportation company alone, with its steamers and barges," continued John, "embraces a sum total of—"

"Oh, do stop," said Valeria, faintly. She could see teams moving along the river-road below, and all privacy would soon be lost; involuntarily she held back.

"What is it?" said John; he expected something about fatigue, or perhaps a fainting-fit.

Valeria looked at him with her eyes full of tears. "You are better than I am," she murmured. "I am selfish and vain and weak. But, O John! do you—do you think you could love me again?"

"As if I had ever stopped loving you," answered John, taking her into his arms with a surprise that was swallowed up in joy.

Then there came to Valeria Valois a suspicion and a certainty: a suspicion that love and hate were very near together, and a certainty that, come trouble, come poverty, come sickness, come death, she was safe from their terrors forever. For love is immortal!

. . . . . .

"I will learn Beethoven and all that, dear," said John, as they journeyed homeward that afternoon in the cars.

"And I will learn newspapers," replied Valeria, with a new, gentle humility. After a long pause, she said, questioningly, "and the golden hair, John?"

"Poor little thing!" answered John, carelessly. Such is the way of mankind!

"I am afraid I looked very red and coarse when I was thrashing that scamp," remarked honest John, anxiously, some time afterward; he had already pulled up his limp collar numberless times, and wished in his secret heart that he had brought with him a pair of two-button gloves.

Valeria smiled at his simplicity. Then, with a sudden burst of admiration, "John!" she said, "you looked like a demi-god!"

At eight in the evening the cars rolled into the city depot.

"On the whole," said Valeria, summing up the day (she had recovered her gayety), "it was all owing to that deceitful Waldenburg Road."

"Blessed old road!" answered John. "We will go down there again some time, dear."

But they never did.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

SECOND-HAND GOODS IN PARIS.

THE subject of my paper to-day is a commerce large in proportions and interesting in its details, and which attracts every curious or artistic buyer or lover of old furniture, ancient tapestries, curious jewelry, and *bric-à-brac* generally, who may chance to visit Paris. On every side, and in the most *recherché* quarters of the city, one sees shops for the sale of second-hand goods, some large and pretentious, with much display of carved-oak sideboards, Venetian mirrors, antique *guipure*, and rusty armor, while others again are mere hovels, stuck like a wart or wen to the side of some venerable church or vast hotel, and offering, as a specimen of all their merchandise, a few worn straw-bottomed chairs, or a pile of shabby garments. Of the former class, the brilliant Rue de la Paix possesses two or three specimens, as elegant in decoration, style, and appointments, as are any of the jewelry or dry-goods stores that surround them, but these scorn to be known as second-hand shops, and call themselves curiosity-shops, the greatest curiosity within being the singularly high prices which are charged there. The true second-hand dealer, however, is not at home amid such gay and fashionable surroundings. It is on the lower part of the Chaussée d'Antin, and in the Rue de Provence, that we must seek for him if we would find him in all his glory. Formerly, the merchants of curiosities were clustered together on the Quai de la Ferroille, which quay exists no longer; they then were to be found on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, where some of them still remain. The most celebrated of them all, Souvageot, the original of Balzac's Cousin Pons in "Les Parents Pauvres," was established in the Rue du Lappe, Faubourg St.-Antoine. He it was who discovered, in a lot of old iron, the framework of that exquisite *escarcelle* of the sixteenth century which was one of the treasures of his collection, for he was not only a merchant, but collector as well. He bequeathed, on dying, his collection to the Louvre, where it is still to be seen by the lovers of antiquities. But this grandiose vender and seeker for curiosities has left no successor behind him, and there is no particular individual in this highly-interesting trade that now enjoys any special celebrity. Some few of the leaders of this commerce have no shops, and transact their business in private rooms, but these have a large and special *clientèle* of their own, and do not address themselves to the general public, being well known to the great collectors, and caring little for the chance custom of uneducated amateurs.

The shop-windows in Paris are always fas-

cinating to the foreign *flâneur*, and but few of the shops present as curious and interesting a display as do the windows of the second-hand dealers on the streets I mentioned before, namely, the Rues de Provence, De la Chaussée d'Antin, and the adjacent streets of that quarter. There, spread out in heterogeneous confusion, may be seen the relics of past ages, mingled with the finery of yesterday; the robe of a *lorette* serves for a background to display the lace of a cardinal's vestments; the wedding-ring of a working-woman lies side by side with the discarded bracelet of a duchess; the slippers of a *danseuse* point their toes on the embroidered satin of a princess's bed-cover; and a broken fan, that was new last week, props its shattered sticks against a rusty rapier two centuries old at the very least. Here lie crucifixes and Chinese idols, strings of coral and consecrated rosaries, piles of folded silk that has never seen the scissors, and faded dresses, all of whose freshness was left behind at the races, or the balls of Valentino. What stories some of these things could tell—the faded finery, and broken jewelry, and costly furniture! But to me the richer articles have not half the interest and the pathos which I find in the poorer and more commonplace things exposed for sale; the worn wedding-ring, still bearing the names and the date, the faded photographic medallions, whose slender settings of gold have made these tokens of love or friendship marketable commodities; the silver thimbles and the marriage coins, which last are never parted with save under the pressure of extremest need. The very poorest classes in Paris who cannot afford to purchase the medals of marriage, are in the habit of having five-franc pieces blessed by the priest, and using them as substitutes; in the hours of direst want they will sometimes pledge these pieces for four francs and a half at the Mont-de-piété, and they never fail to redeem them.

The great source whence the more ordinary wares, the dresses and fans and parasols, the ivory-backed brushes, the carved paper-cutters, the lace and India shawls, are supplied, is that vast and celebrated class known by many names, such as the *demi-monde, lorettes*, or *cocottes*. The vicissitudes of fortune among *ces dames*, who roll in wealth and carriages one week, and are unable to pay their rent the next, make them the easy prey of these dealers, whose object is, of course, to buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible. Hence, we often behold displayed in these shops dresses, with their primitive freshness hardly yet worn off; unworn gloves and shoes, and uncut dress-goods and laces, the spoils of the prodigal daughters of Parisian vice, as well as the discarded finery, which has seen service and done full duty before descending to the dusty purlieus of the Rue de Provence. Not that any bargains are to be obtained here, even allowing that any respectable person was willing to wear second-hand garments procured from such a source, and, once worn by the degraded, dishonors our sex. A dress of rich material and fashionable cut is held at its full value, as is also the unmade material exposed for sale, and even the worn and faded frippery commands prices that would purchase a fresh new toilet of inferior materials in any of the large dry-goods stores. As to the carved furniture, old china, etc., the vender knows its value to the minutest point, and does not fail to exact it, so that the purchaser who enters one of those establishments in search of bargains had better beware, lest, going forth for wool, he return home shorn. Yet sometimes, but very rarely, an experienced purchaser may really meet with some article sold at a price which is far below its real value. Thus, an American gentleman, walking one day along the Rue de Provence, descried exposed for sale in a shop-window a very beautiful smelling-bottle of silver, mounted with gold, the duplicate of one which he had purchased for his wife at Tiffany's, in New York, some months before, and for which he had paid fifty dollars. He stopped to examine it more minutely; it was in a select case, which bore Tiffany's stamp upon it, and had apparently never been used. He entered the shop and asked the price. "Twenty-five francs," was the answer. The gentleman paid the money, and hastened home with his prize, convinced that his wife's smelling-bottle had been stolen, and that he had luckily chanced upon it; but, when he explained matters to his wife, she produced her own bottle safe and sound, and, on comparing the two it could be seen that they were exact duplicates. The smelling-bottle last purchased was shown to a member of the firm of Tiffany & Co., who declared that it was of their manufacture, and that they could not duplicate it for less than forty dollars. It is rather odd that an article of American manufacture, and of such value, should have been sold at such a place and at such a price, but it had probably been given to one of *ces dames*, who, not knowing its real cost, had parted with it the first time she got into difficulties to a dealer, who probably imagined it to be composed of silver-plate and gilded brass, for the Parisian *élégantes*, more wise in their day and generation than are our fashionables, do not usually have the graceful toys, brought into use by an ephemeral fashion, composed of such costly materials.

The days, too, of purchasing richly-carved furniture at a low price have passed away forever. The changes and caprices of fashion have brought into vogue again the delicately-sculptured sideboards, the carved treasure-chests of the middle ages, black with age, the stamped leather and faded tapestries, that in the latter years of the last century were considered mere rubbish, cast aside as such, and sold for an old song. Those were the palmy days for the amateurs of the splendidly-decorated furniture of the times of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. These superb specimens of the taste and luxury of that magnificent age, when lavish expenditure and patient toil were combined to produce wonders from chisel and needle, for the adornment of palace and boudoir, went out of fashion completely in the period of mock-classic taste, which immediately preceded and accompanied the first Revolution. After the overthrow of the monarchy and the dispersion of the aristocracy, the furniture of palaces and châteaux were offered at public sale, and purchased at trifling prices by foreigners, and especially by the English. It was thus that the sumptuous furniture of the Tuileries, the Trianon, Versailles, and of other royal habitations, were disposed of at public auction, the pictures, statues, etc., being alone retained and placed in the Louvre. The sale of this furniture lasted for a whole year, and so enamored in those days was French taste of swan-necked beds, X-shaped ottomans, and curtains with Greek borders, that almost all of it passed into the hands of the English and the Russians, at the most pitiful prices. Some of the larger pieces were bought by second-hand dealers, who broke them up for the sake of their exquisitely-wrought mountings of gilded copper. These mountings, together with candelabra five feet high, lustres, mouldings, etc., all of the finest workmanship, were cast pitilessly into the melting-pot. One dealer of those days piled, every Sunday, in his court-yard, an immense heap of broken wood, the wood-work of arm-chairs, sofas, *étagères*, caskets, on the ornamentation of which the skillful carvers of the eighteenth century had lavished wreaths of ivy, pairs of billing doves, garlands of roses, crowns of myrtle, burning torches, and true-love knots. He then set fire to the heap for the purpose of afterward extracting from the ashes the golden particles produced from the profuse gilding with which these beautiful carvings were adorned. Ten years ago two tables of this workmanship, and sculptured by Gouthières, were sold in London for nine thousand dollars each.

Such is the folly of *la mode* in Paris. Whatever is not *à la mode* has no value in a true Parisian's eyes. No amount of artistic beauty, painstaking workmanship, or delicate finish, can avail to win his appreciation if it lack that one supreme and essential stamp. To-day fashion has decreed that the ancient furniture is in good taste, and so it is eagerly bought up and universally displayed, and the prices have risen in proportion. No *bric-à-brac* dealer will light to-day his fires with the carvings of Gouthières, or fill his melting-pot with the bronzes of overthrown palaces.

The trade in second-hand books is extensive, and many of the shops wherein it is carried on are large and handsome. The most sumptuous one, and the place where the most costly and elegant works are to be found, is the shop of Auguste Fontaine, in the Passage des Panoramas. Such miracles of binding, such beautiful illustrations, such choice manuscripts, and exquisite engravings, as are there displayed, are enough to drive an impecunious bibliophile frantic. But this trade is almost exclusively one to itself, and can hardly be confounded with that of the actual *brocanteur*. More akin to the regular second-hand trade is that of the venders of old books, whose stock-in-trade is ranged along the head wall that borders the quays on the left bank of the Seine. There, piled together in seeming confusion, may be found old pamphlets, cheap novels, odd numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (which seems to be the only literary French magazine of any importance), and song and jest books, while rows of shabby-bound volumes attract the eye of the would-be purchaser. Time

was, and that not so very long ago, when many a treasure might be picked out of this mass of literary rubbish, but that period is now past, for the experts in the trade sort, examine, and turn over every leaf and volume, and any thing of value is sure to find its way into the larger shops, where it is held at its full price. Second-hand books are, however, really cheap in Paris, and, with a little pains, one may contrive to form a very good library of standard works in neat bindings at comparatively small expense.

Of course the great fount and source from which this multitude of second-hand shops is supplied is to be found in the auction-sales. These take place continually in the Hôtel des Ventes, or Hôtel Drouot, as it is more commonly called. This hotel, situated on the Rue Drouot, and back of the site of the old opera-house, was specially constructed for the purpose for which it is used. It is neither handsome of aspect outside, nor commodious within, and many and loud are the complaints which have been made of its restricted space and lack of accommodation. It is divided by a wide hall, on either side of which open different rooms of moderate size, all of which are used for sales. Many-colored placards, very like theatre-bills, are pasted on the walls of this hall, as well as on the outer walls of the building, giving accounts of the various sales which are to take place for a month to come. Here all the goods sold at public auction in Paris, except books and articles sold off at the house or apartments, are disposed of. Through these dingy halls have passed the treasures of by-gone ages, and of a world; the marbles of Rome, the glass-work of Murano and Bohemia, Etruscan vases, services of Sèvres, lacquered cabinets, and Smyrna carpets, to say nothing of the pictures which have comprised the art-gems of centuries past. Here was sold a part of the treasures taken from the Summer Palace at Peking; the Emperor of China's robes of ceremony, his jade sceptre, and his mantle of the priceless fur of the blue fox. Here, too, was offered the gallery of Marshal Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia, one masterpiece from which was bought, by the French Government, for the sum of five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs (one hundred and forty-one thousand dollars), and now adorns the walls of the Louvre—the exquisite "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo. Here, too, in a dark and noisome gallery, apart from the main hall, is sold all the trash and rubbish offered at public sale in Paris: the old clothes, the cast-off finery, furniture seized for rent or cast aside as unusable, the relics of defunct theatres, the remnants of the stock of departed shops. Here, too, take place the sales of rare plants and pet animals. This dingy and ill-smelling gallery has been baptized by the *brocanteurs* with the name of Mazas.

The sales generally commence at half-past one, but the most animated and busiest time is usually about four. The expert who acts as auctioneer does not, except in the case of the sale of engravings, gems, or coins, adhere very closely to the order of his catalogue, but reserves his choicest articles for a favorable moment, or the arrival of a well-known purchaser. The cost of both buying and selling is exorbitant. The purchaser must pay five per cent. above the amount of his bid, which payment does not in the least benefit the owner of the article sold. Thus the government was obliged to pay over thirty thousand francs for the percentage on the price of the great Murillo before mentioned. As to the unfortunate seller, his case is still worse. The expenses of a sale rank with the character of the object sold, and are ten per cent. on a picture-sale, fifteen for curiosities, eighteen for engravings, twenty-five for medals, and as high as thirty per cent. and upward on books and autographs. This tax includes all expenses, such as the rent of the hall, the catalogues, advertisements, etc., and well it may.

With the exception of works of art, things usually sell very cheaply at these auctions. At a recent one, where some fine furniture was sold, a pair of handsome arm-chairs of ebony, inlaid with flowers and figures in ivory, sold for twenty-two dollars apiece. The last sale at the Hôtel Drouot, which attracted general attention and made much sensation, was the sale of the diamonds of Mlle. Durerger, the actress, and the beauty and value of the jewels drew together an immense crowd, and very handsome prices were realized.

Sales of books very seldom take place at the Hôtel Drouot—the recognized locality for such sales being the Maison Silvestre, in the Rue de Bons Enfants, No. 28. The books sold at the Hôtel Drouot are usually those which are bound in a specially costly or artistic manner. The sales at the Maison Silvestre take place at seven o'clock in the evening, the books being on examination the same day from one o'clock in the afternoon till five. These sales have their special and invariable *clientèle*, a group of aged bibliophiles, or frenzied collectors of some one specialty, who spend hours in examining, fondling, and coveting the treasures spread out for their inspection. It is related of two of these book-lovers that, during the last days of the Commune, two of them met at the top of a barricade: one of them was going to see if the Maison Silvestre was open, and the other was returning from there, furious at the auctioneer, who had deserted his post. There also took place a little scene between two ardent book-collectors which may merit recording. An amateur of moderate fortune saw adjudged to a more wealthy competitor an incomparable copy of Montaigne's "Editio Princeps," large paper, and in the original binding, stamped with the arms of De Thou. After the sale, he approached his rival, and asked him in a trembling voice if he would consent to part with his prize.

"Impossible, sir," was the answer.

"So be it; *I will wait!*" replied the discomfited bibliophile.

Strange to say, the event for which he "waited"—namely, the death of the possessor of the coveted treasure—took place in less than two years.

There exists in Paris a class of men whose functions, in relation to all sales of second-hand wares, whether by public auction or private adjudication, is fixed and decided, and who are extremely useful to buyer and seller alike. These men are known by the title of *commissaires-priseurs*, or estimators—a word which I am forced to coin to express an office which, unfortunately, does not exist with us. As their title indicates, their office is to inspect all goods offered for sale, and to calculate their actual value, and the probable price which they will fetch at auction. Thus, if a person rents apartments, and wishes to purchase the furniture of the departing tenant, a *commissaire-priseur* is generally called in, who proceeds to estimate the value of every article that the rooms contain. Long usage and habit have made these men so expert, and withal so thorough, that their judgment is nearly always to be relied on most implicitly. Then there are the experts, each of whom have their specialty—such as modern pictures, ancient pictures, wood-carvings, porcelain, china, India shawls, and one of which is always attached to every sale in the Hôtel Drouot. Some of these men, though marvels of acuteness and intelligence in the line of their one special branch of knowledge, are otherwise very ignorant. The greatest expert on the old masters which the Hôtel des Ventes ever possessed — a man whose death made an unfillable void—was in other respects a man of the grossest ignorance, and that too in spite of the nature of his calling, which brought him into contact with art in its highest development.

We must not turn from the subject of the second-hand goods of Paris without speaking of the Temple, once, in its rickety, tumble-down sheds, a curiosity for all strangers to visit. Now, clean, commodious, and respectable, and installed in a handsome edifice of glass and iron, it resembles its past self as little as the close-shaven, neatly-clad convict resembles the filthy wretch that groveled in haunts of vice beyond the ken of judge or policeman. The old names given to its various quarters, such as Le Pou Volant and La Forêt Noire, are still retained, but their significance has departed. Second-hand goods are still offered for sale at the booths, but so cleaned and furbished up that they look as good as new. But the Temple, in losing its horror, has lost much of its interest. Besides which, the holders of the booths, on descrying a respectably-dressed visitor, are accustomed to rush out and lay violent hands on him or her, hoping thereby to secure a customer, so that it is not pleasant to pay that once-curious spot a visit.

The oddest of the commerce in second-hand goods is to me represented by two signs which I have lately seen in the streets of Paris. One, on the Rue de la Paix, announces that "second-hand gloves are bought and sold here;" and the other, in the Rue des Écuires d'Artois, sets forth that "second-hand boots and shoes are bought and sold here."

Thus, the thrifty nature of the economical French people manifests itself. Nothing, not even an old glove or an old shoe, is thrown aside till every particle of use it is capable of rendering has been given, and every particle of value has been extracted from it.

Lucy H. Hooper.

THE TYRANNY OF A REPUBLIC.

SOME enlightened man, whose name has been too soon forgotten, called the many-headed tyrant the "worst Nero who ever sat upon a throne." We are very proud of our republic, no doubt, and we have reason to be. She gives us wealth, and education, and a free press, and trial by jury, and what not. But does she give us our rights?

There is her first servant, the President; what does she give him? Certainly plenty of abuse, whatever he does. Does she even let him give a party, like any other gentleman? No; he and his wife must always be ready to open their doors and let the elements blow in. No matter what may be their own personal griefs or disinclination, they are commanded by the *vox populi* to stand and take the shock. The result is simply mob; for any crowd, no matter how reputable, becomes a mob if not organized. A remarkable instance of this occurred a few months since. The Evangelical Alliance, composed of learned, cultivated, and excellent men of four countries, received an invitation to visit the White House. The President, with Mrs. Grant beautifully dressed, cabinet, and ladies and gentlemen about them, the rooms filled with flowers, awaited the distinguished deputation. The doors suddenly opened, and a mob of travelers, fresh from the railway, tumbled confusedly into the drawing-room. The marshal of the district jumped on a chair, and said: "Stand back, stand back, I beg of you, gentlemen, you will *smother* the President!" Episcopalian jostled Presbyterian, Methodist elbowed Congregationalist. "I don't know your creed, sir," said one reverend gentleman to another, "but I should judge, from the knock which your head gave mine, that you were a hard-shell Baptist." Out of this chaos a voice suddenly arose: "Gentlemen, let us unite in prayer!" What mood could such a crowd have been in for the sacred exercise? Then followed the introduction, and the interview, after a few moments' conversation, ended.

Among these guests were some English people, some Swiss, some Germans. What idea will they carry away of the decency of our treatment of the chief magistrate? Had they been presented—as an Evangelical Alliance—to the President of the Swiss Republic, they would have been required, at least, to have gone to an hotel, and to have put on some clean linen; the ladies would have been expected to dress otherwise than in a railway costume. Two or three sober ushers would have introduced the reverend gentlemen each by name, and not as a mob, and the whole thing would have had an aspect of which the country need not have been ashamed.

That party consisted of such men as Mr. Beecher, a man great not only for his own age and time, but for all ages and all time; he certainly, whether he claims it or not, deserves a separate recognition; there were other men, commanding, at home, large homage and large respect. There was the Dean of Canterbury, a man who, at home, moves surrounded by every consideration. The queen would pause, and give him a most respectful courtesy, if he paid her a visit. There were those learned and eminent German divines, men who will remember all their lives how they were received by the President of the United States.

There is a story (which deserves to be true—I do not know if it is) that, when the present modest incumbent of the White House was first installed, a lady of the district said to him: "General, I hope you will have a file of soldiers preside over the receptions, for I think this crowd is dangerous, as well as disgraceful."

"No, madam," said the servant of the republic, "that would look like a military despotism."

"Then, general, do have a dozen servants, in neat livery, to conduct your parties, as a private party would be conducted."

"No, madam, that would look like an attempt at an aristocracy."

"Then what will you have?" said the indignant lady.

"I will have a body of the police of the District of Columbia, for the American people will obey and respect the *law* always, and I think in that way I shall best interpret the will of the people."

The soldier-President was right; he does commonly interpret the will of the people, but it is the will of the people which is wrong. A policeman, in a heavy overcoat and slouched hat, is an admirable person on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Four-and-a-Half Street, at ten o'clock at night; but, in the *salons* of the White House, he suggests pickpockets, and not festivity. Congress should take the matter up and decide it. The President, as abstract America, if nothing else, should be approached with more respectful observance. A suitable set of ushers should be made potent for the occasion, and bring about that order and system without which "any crowd is a mob."

Another instance of the tyranny of a republic is, the condition of Washington itself. A good tyrant with one head would have made Washington, with its natural advantages, one of the most beautiful cities in the whole world; and that, for one-sixth of the money which has been spent. The park, which almost makes itself, stretching from the White House to the Capitol, needs only the besom of reform to sweep away the few insignificant buildings on the right-hand side of Pennsylvania Avenue, going toward the Capitol, and we should have a better Berlin, a nobler Paris, a more beautiful Vienna. But no, our hydra-headed tyrant will go on blundering and eating up millions forever, doing nothing for beauty that is not down in his books.

Another and more immediate tyranny has been that of labor toward capital. The Irish servant-girl and her mistress ought to be on the best of terms. They mutually oblige each other, and are mutually necessary to each other; but they have been heretofore in the very unnatural relation of captive and conqueror. The mistress (so called) has been dragged in the dust of her conqueror's broom. A most laughable history could be written, if anybody had the heart to read the story of humiliation, of what American ladies of respectable character have endured at the hands of this suddenly-elevated class. The times have changed since the panic somewhat. A lady recently wished to hire a French maid, and after saying that she would like her to sew, and dress hair, and wait on the young ladies, added, "I wish you, also, Louise, to speak French to the children."

"No, madame, not me. I shall not spik to ze children; no, madame. I shall dress madame beautiful!—but no spik to ze children!"

"Then go!" said the lady; "and I hope to hear that you have starved before spring."

"Oh! oh! oh! madame! I will stay and I will spik to ze children in French all ze time!"

The lady had been angered and surprised into speaking more harshly than she meant, but she had unconsciously found the true tone. Louise recognized that sort of talk: gentleness and deference only made her presumptuous, but a little abuse did her a world of good. So the American ladies have themselves somewhat to thank for the manners of their domestics. We have invited the peasantry of all Europe to our shores, and have suddenly made them sovereigns, and they have not known how to wear the unexpected crown.

"How is it in Paris, now," said a stay-at-home man to a traveler—"if the cart runs into the carriage, does the cart pay or the carriage?"

"Oh, since the model republic, the *carriage* pays always for the injuries inflicted upon it by the cart," said the traveler.

Too much of this sort of thing has brought about a revolt occasionally. The worm will turn when too much trodden on, and the American gentleman is that worm. He is a pretty prompt and fearful Anglo-Saxon fighting worm when he is aroused. Most of his wrongs come from his good-natured, big-dog indifference to the small insults of inferior curs, but he must not be indifferent too long.

The utter irresponsibility of the newspapers is another most dangerous form of tyranny. A man's character can any day be almost ruined by a false paragraph penned by a sleepy reporter, and next morning given to ten thousand readers by an editor who does not care whom he slays. A religious woman, last winter, engaged in teaching poor children, took up the morning paper and saw her name coupled with all the epithets of disgrace, because her tenets were not those of the editor. Had we a tyrant with one head, would the newspapers long be allowed to insult defenseless women? The American man, taken singly, protects the woman with a chivalry which knows no parallel, but he, collectively, allows the newspapers to assault her, and to injure her feelings constantly through the process of defaming her husband, her brother, and her son. He permits, this many-headed tyrant, the important report in a law-case to be rendered so partially and unfairly that the whole drift of the meaning is changed to suit the prejudice of the officer in charge. In Europe this important report is always done stenographically, as it should be. They do not dare, over the water, to trifle thus with law or with truth, under a one-headed tyrant.

We do not need, in this hour of fresh wounds and present suffering, to refer to the government of large cities as an instance of the tyranny of republics. It is written on every honest man's check-book in letters of blood. We need not refer to the odors which taint the midnight air from the poisonous retorts of the gas-house—a wrong so great that, in Berlin, a gas manufacturer was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment because he burned his refuse in the night, instead of carting it away. Another wrong which we patiently suffer in large cities is the crowding the aisles of theatres with extra chairs and benches, cutting off all hopes of escape in case of fire. Until the catastrophe of the world occurs, this wrong will go on.

Now, in all cases of public humiliation and wrong, the American gentleman walks away with his loss, his disappointment, and the insult, and knows that he has no redress. Two or three years ago a gentleman of fortune, having nothing else to do, determined to devote himself to the redressing of wrongs, and to the finding out if the general crusade which goes on perpetually against our patient public could be stopped. He pursued imposing hackmen, insolent car-drivers, dishonest servants, faithless *impressarios*, to the proper tribunals of the courts. He wrote letters to the newspapers, contradicted false statements, all in a most excellent spirit. He worked hard and diligently, and, at the end of three years, pale and weary, he gave it up in despair. He was always in the right, and was always beaten. He went back to the sternest despotism he could find, where alone, he says, the rights of the individual are respected. What is everybody's business is nobody's, and nobody's business is generally mismanaged. The policeman at the corner of the streets who helps the little girls over from under the feet of the horses, is a good-natured and excellent officer, but does he find your watch for you if it is stolen? In Paris, six years ago, if your watch was stolen in the morning, you generally got it again before evening. The sleepless eye of the police found it for you, and the thief was locked up. He got out in the days of the Commune, and he has not been caught since. There is no doubt but that a strong government was the best for Paris.

In the early days of our war, how many an aspiration was breathed, "Oh, for a half hour of old Jackson!" How many would have welcomed back that indomitable will, and that fine old oath, "By the Eternal!" Even the presence of Mrs. Jackson, smoking the cornstalk pipe by the domestic kitchen-fire, would have been heralded with enthusiasm if she had brought the old general with her. A one-headed tyrant has this great advantage over the many-headed. He knows what he wants, and he can do it quickly. Any thing is better than indecision and vagueness in the conduct of a great nation. In the late panic, a sensible tyrant would have moved that grain for which Europe was waiting (with those bags of gold behind her for which we were also waiting) before the great tyrants, January and December, came to close up the canals. He would have said (oh, much prayed-for man!), "You have mismanaged this business so much in Wall Street, that I will in future manage it all myself," and he would have unlocked his millions, sent them to the West, got his grain to market, and then, having imprisoned a few dishonest speculators, he would have saved his country, and the honest men in it, from disgrace and ruin.

"Oh! for one half-hour of such a tyrant!"

But we give our President no such power, we are afraid that a bad man would abuse it. But, has any one measured the enormous wrongs, losses, and abuses, which arise out of irresponsibility? Would it not be a relief to have some one whose head should work singly, even if blunderingly, occasionally?—is a ship better, in the moment of disaster, for having *no* captain?

Then there must be great comfort in having a one-headed tyrant to abuse, one head is more easily cut off than many; if we attempt to cut off our tyrants' heads they grow again half a dozen at a time. A very good liver in New England once said that he liked to eat mince-pie before going to bed, for then he always knew what hurt him. Do we ever have that poor satisfaction? Never; we are our own Nero, and we can blame nobody but ourselves. Too often, of late years, have we sat, like him, playing on harp and dulcimer, while Boston and Chicago were burning, not reflecting that, had we been more wise and watchful, neither of those calamities would have occurred.

And so with the greater, more vital sins which ravage the great republic—none of them would have got under such headway did every citizen feel his intense responsibility toward the state. There would be no corrupt judge, no abusive press, no infamous ring, no imperfect fire department, no financial panic, no corruption in Congress, no oppressive taxation then; but, until human nature is very much improved, we cannot expect this amount of public virtue.

"To have unity, we must first have *units*," said Margaret Fuller, and a better thing has scarcely ever been said.

But in the mean time, pending this expected growth of virtue, which may be a long time coming, would it not be better to sometimes strengthen the hands of those rulers whom we have? We have tried the bundle of fasces loosely bound, and some of them have nearly tumbled out. What if we should try the more stringent bond?

> "When the sea was calm, all boats alike
> Showed mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
> When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
> A noble cunning."

We all know that a time of trial finds us unprepared. It did in our own war, it would in case of a foreign war. The lesser evils which grow out of the uncertain and headless administration of affairs, and the light conflict of opinion as to where the powers begin and end, would be but parodies and caricatures of those greater evils which would befall us then. Great Shakespeare says:

> . . . . . "My soul aches
> To know when the authorities are up;
> Neither supreme, how soon confusion
> May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
> The one by the other."

M. E. W. S.

MARK TWAIN.

ONE of the pleasantest offices of cultivated thought is the study of contrasts in the literatures of different peoples. The trained power of the artist-eye derives no greater pleasure in its discriminating observance of landscapes than that resulting from the arrangement and grouping of the recorded forms of national thought and sentiment, considered purely from the picturesque stand-point.

If this be true of poetry, philosophy, and art in general, it is peculiarly so of national humor. For humor is a direct product from the life-blood. It sucks its ingredients from each hidden taint and essential virtue; from intellectual perversity and moral insight; from external environment and from internal fact.

Other forms of thought are the outcome of single phases, standing together as symmetrical fragments of the individual or the people. Humor comes the nearest to being the one complete revelation, which subtends all the complex secrets of Nature and habit.

The poet sings sweet songs to the world that thrill or soften. But, behind the cloudy forms which his incantations evoke and his genius illumines, the individual fades away. The orator storms, or pleads, or reasons, but the attention slips by the man to fasten on what he says or thinks. The essayist challenges interest for the most part by appeals from the special to the universal.

Not so the humorist, whether the mouthpiece of his age and country, or the mere witness of himself. Harlequin may wear a mask, but under the shallow fold the face plays hide-and-seek in vain. The heart beams out in the mirth that quivers on the edge of pathos, or the grotesque laugh, which needs only a little deeper tone to become melancholy. It is the intense humanity and lifelikeness of humor, that set the ultimate stamp on its charm and significance.

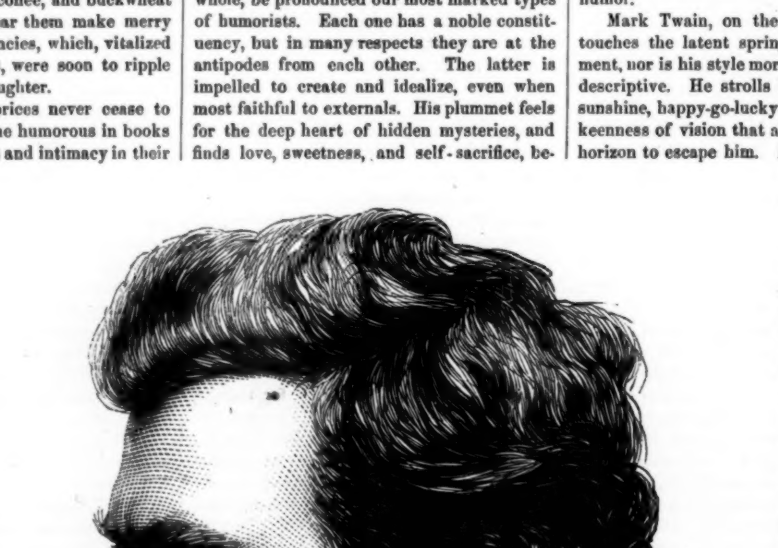
Our literary inheritance from the princes of humor is full of finger-marks, index-signs, and marginal notes. We like to query whether Dean Swift, with his terrible scowl and blighting satire, which seem as if inspired from some Dantean depth, where devils mock and laugh, ever had the unctuous enjoyment of roast-beef and mighty ale, that shows in Dick Steele, Charles Lamb, and Charles Dickens? It is pleasant to speculate whether Heine, with his acute French wit sparkling on the current of deep German humor, ever recovered from his infatuation for frisky champagne and Parisian grisettes? Or, if Jean Paul, "the only one," whose imagination pirouetted on earth with as much agility and swiftness as it cleft the upper abysses eagle-winged, never had the vertigo?

Would we not have known exactly how Hogarth looked, his grim features softened by a funny twist of the mouth, even had he never painted himself with an exceeding honest-faced but belligerent-looking bull-dog squatted by his side? How we should like to have heard Rabelais, after he had set a nation in a roar of laughter, reading the "Adventures of Pantagruel" to the jolly old abbot!

Or, again, let us overleap the wide abyss of centuries, and stand amid the vast prai-

ries, the gloomy cañons, and the grand forests of the far West. There in mining-camp or squatter settlement we see the figures of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, or John Hay, casting long shadows before them. In the tedious *entr'actes* between fiery whiskey, coffee, and buckwheat "slapjacks," we can hear them make merry over adventures and fancies, which, vitalized by the breath of genius, were soon to ripple the world's face with laughter.

Such whimsical caprices never cease to haunt the students of the humorous in books with a sense of nearness and intimacy in their favorites. We are impertinently curious about them, make them mental bedfellows, as it were, because we love them. The laugh in literature is the "one touch of Nature" (above all others) "which makes the whole world akin."



MARK TWAIN.

America has of late years bristled with humorous writers, as does the porcupine with quills. But few of these quills have been pungent in point or well feathered for flight. Yet what persistent jokers! They have sought to offset failures at the lawyer's brief, the doctor's pill-box, the counter-jumper's measuring-tape, the carpenter's plane, or what not. Still, amid a legion of quacks, there are some who have been crowned and anointed with the true "laying-on of hands."

In surveying the distinctive and peculiar American humor, it becomes necessary to banish two highly-gifted men, Holmes and Lowell. The "Hosea Biglow Papers" have all the pungent wit of Pope, the meaty and athletic vigor of Swift. The genial front of the "autocrat" shines like a fixed star. But their passports are not properly *viséd* by the home stamp. In spite of the use of dialect and other forged ear-marks, with which they would cunningly hoodwink us, we say to these magnificent impostors: "Get you gone, you belong to the world, not to America; you are giants truly, but your national angles, prejudices, and crudities, have been so ground down in the social mill, so polished away in the intellectual workshop, that your humor is that of the cosmopolite. It self-registers as much for any other Anglo-Saxon as for the American."

Mark Twain and Bret Harte may, on the whole, be pronounced our most marked types of humorists. Each one has a noble constituency, but in many respects they are at the antipodes from each other. The latter is impelled to create and idealize, even when most faithful to externals. His plummet feels for the deep heart of hidden mysteries, and finds love, sweetness, and self-sacrifice, beneath what is odd, grotesque, and barbaric. True, he deals largely with suffering, crime, and misery, in his most vigorous and characteristic sketches, yet is it with that sunny charity, which is the moral equivalent of searching insight. He has learned a lesson of the mining-camp, and knows where to look for gold in unsightly places. The essentially dramatic spirit, to which his instincts of form in art lead him, is no doubt partly responsible for the vividness of light and shade which intensifies his stories both in prose and rhyme. Yet, underlying form and method, seems to be a subtile feeling for the truth that good and evil are facts that melt and glide into each other imperceptibly, a recognition of which in painting human life is the tap-root of the soundest philosophy and the deepest humor.

Mark Twain, on the other hand, rarely touches the latent springs of human sentiment, nor is his style more than narrative and descriptive. He strolls in the open, breezy sunshine, happy-go-lucky fashion, yet with a keenness of vision that allows nothing in his horizon to escape him. But, before any further study of the author, let us briefly sketch the man, who was generally known to his little circle as Samuel L. Clemens, before the world coddled and petted him as Mark Twain.

He was born in Missouri in 1835, and got but scanty gleanings of early education. He became a printer's apprentice when his father died, and found that setting type at the case was by no means a bad school. After a few years, most of which were spent in itinerating from one country newspaper to another, young Clemens became a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat running between St. Louis and New Orleans. The picturesque life which he saw in this new business seems to have stimulated his literary faculties, for we soon find him writing for the newspapers. One day while he was pondering as to what *nom de plume* he should attach to his articles, he heard a sailor, who was taking soundings of the river, call out, "Mark twain!" The phrase tickled the fancy of our young literary pilot, and he adopted it for his own.

After seven years of this river-life, in which Mark Twain sedulously cultivated the art of writing, he went to Nevada Territory as private secretary of his brother, who had been appointed Secretary of the Territory. The chance was peculiarly grateful to one who had a keen thirst for adventure, and a vivid appreciation of the ludicrous. Nevada was just then beginning to swarm with

reckless and quaint people, who had shot off at a tangent from the established order of society. Bankrupt tradesmen, young college-graduates who, tired of grubbing for Greek roots, would now grub for gold and silver, thieves and murderers escaped from justice—these and a thousand other offscourings of life collided and made frontier society lively. The fashionable toilet consisted of an eight-inch Colt, an Arkansas tooth-pick, jack-boots, and an "insectivorous" shirt. The pet amusements were drinking bad whiskey, playing "draw-poker," and practising at human targets. Such paradisiacal conditions were surely enough to make any reasonable man happy. That our hero was so may be deduced from the fact that, what was originally projected as a pleasure-trip, lasted for seven years. During his life in the mining-region he passed through divers experiences, now exploring and prospecting, now editing a newspaper, now working on days' wages in a quartz-mill. Many of the sketches after incorporated in the "Jumping Frog" and "Roughing It" were published at this time in local or Eastern journals. During a considerable time he was city editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, and some of the quaintest and brightest things which have appeared under his name originally enlivened its crimson catalogue of brutal murders and "Judge Lynch" executions.

From Virginia City Mark Twain drifted to San Francisco. Bad luck continued to follow him persistently. What money he had made while oscillating between the editor's quill and the gold-digger's pick had been invested in Nevada mining-stock. Wall Street, however, whispered gently to the wilderness, and there was a sudden collapse in values. He then became interested with Bret Harte in the conduct of the *Californian*, and the two humorists hobnobbed for the first time. The nomadic taint, however, ran riot in the blood of both these "imps of Fortune," and they soon deserted the paste-pot and scissors for another delusive experiment in mining for gold. On returning to San Francisco, Mark Twain, his health now being poor, obtained a commission to go to the Sandwich Islands. Here the delicious climate and *dolce far niente* life built him up again in health, and an absence of a few months brought him back again to San Francisco with renewed health and spirits. A short lecturing tour through California and Nevada was successful, and so replenished his pockets as to furnish sufficient funds for a trip to New York. In 1867 he published "The Jumping Frog," a collection of his best fugitive works, and immediately aroused public attention, not only in America but in England.

The peculiar humor was a revelation to the conservative British mind, and the little work was even more talked of across the ocean than at home. The "Quaker City" excursion to the different seaports of Southern Europe and the Orient gave our rising author an opportunity of which he made abundant use. The amusing record of his experiences was presented to the world in a book which made a very remarkable sensation—"The Innocents Abroad." In the second part of this work—"The New Pilgrim's Progress"—readers were made acquainted with the genesis of a Bunyan of a different type from the old Baptist dreamer.

This publication justified the expectations of a public ever on the alert for something to laugh at, and Mark Twain rose on a flood-tide of popularity. When he returned to America, he betook himself again for a short time to journalism, and became connected with the Buffalo *Express*. The confinement of office-work, however, did not suit his free Bohemian spirit, and the swelling results of his literary venture soon put it in his power to break loose from the slavery of the editor's desk and follow his own intellectual caprices. His next book was "Roughing It," published in 1873, recording, in elaborate form, his early experiences in the mining-country and the Sandwich Islands. This was speedily followed by the novel, "The Gilded Age," written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner. Our author is now residing at Hartford, and is in the very prime of his life and power. Before dismissing the mere material facts of Mark Twain's life, some allusion to the very remarkable pecuniary success of his books will be of interest. During the five years which have elapsed since the issue of "The Innocents Abroad," the aggregate sale of our author's works has reached two hundred and forty-one thousand copies, representing a money-value of nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Though a large sale is by no means the only or even the best measure of literary excellence, the above-mentioned fact is so remarkable as to be almost unparalleled.

The differences between wit and humor have been elaborated by numerous essayists. These have said many bright things and many stupid ones on the subject. But, after all, the essence of it eludes definition and analysis. We see the effects, but fail to reach the ultimate force. This, at all events, we know, that wit is purely intellectual, and that humor is deeper and wider in its sources and powers. Wit sparkles in instantaneous gleams. It is the point of collision and also of union between opposites. Thackeray somewhere says that "humor is wit and love;" that "the best humor is that which contains the most humanity; that which is flavored throughout with the most tenderness and kindness."

Of humor in its highest phase, perhaps Bret Harte may be accounted the most puissant master among our contemporary American writers. Of wit, we see next to none. Mark Twain, while lacking the subtilty and pathos of the other, has more breadth, variety, and ease. His sketches of life are arabesque in their strange combinations. Bits of bright, serious description, both of landscape and society, carry us along till suddenly we stumble on some master-stroke of grotesque and irresistible form. He understands the value of repose in art. One tires of a page where every sentence sparkles with points, and the author is constantly attitudinizing for our amusement. We like to be betrayed into laughter as much in books as in real life. It is the unconscious, easy, careless gait of Mark Twain that makes his most potent charm. He seems always to be catering as much to his own enjoyment as to that of the public. He strolls along like a great rollicking school-boy, bent on having a good time, and determined that his readers shall enjoy it with him. If Bret Harte has remarkable insight, Mark Twain has no less notable *out*sight. And yet perhaps the great popularity of the latter writer is as much the consequence of his defects as of his powerful gifts. He is representative because he embodies, to a striking extent, in his mode of constructing the forms of humor, the peculiar style of the average American journalist. Journalism on this side of the water has two unique types: the professional funny man, and the police-court reporter. Both these are strongly-marked national characters, and the style in which they serve up dishes for the public breakfast is well known. Hardly a newspaper appears but that it contains a variety of such paragraphs as the following:

"John Smith had a beautiful stallion, who was so amiable in his temper that he would always caress the air with an affectionate gesture of his steel-clad hoofs when a stranger approached from behind. Squire Robinson bought the horse. The gorgeous funeral which Deadhead, the undertaker, supplied for the squire a few days after, enabled our respected fellow-citizen, who presides with such dignity in front of the mourners, to fit out his wife and daughter with the latest spring fashions."

It would be unjust to our author to say that he is either one or the other of these types in full flower. And yet how frequently do we see both these gentlemen surreptitiously stealing away out of sight under the cover of Mark Twain's coat-tails! Or perhaps it is only a literary illustration of Darwin's doctrine of rudimentary organs and limbs by which he explains changes in structural type. Mark Twain's early literary training was that of a writer for newspapers, where news was scarce and hard to get, and the public demanded their intellectual fare dressed with the hottest, strongest condiments. Is it not natural that we should see distinct and powerful traces of this method in all his later work?

In spite of this fault, our writer is so thoroughly genial, so charged with rich and unctuous humor, that we forget the lack of *finesse* and delicacy in its breadth and strength. Its tap-root takes no deep hold in the subsoil, and we may not always find a subtile and penetrating fragrance in its blooms. But these are so lavish, bright, and variegated, that we should be ungrateful indeed not to appreciate our author's striking gifts at their full worth. "The Innocents Abroad," and "Roughing It," are the most thoroughly enjoyable examples of Mark Twain's humor. While they are not to be altogether admired as intellectual workmanship, the current of humor is so genuine and fresh, so full of rollicking and grotesque fun, that it is more than easy to overlook fault both in style and method. Like most of the American humorists, Mark Twain depends chiefly on exaggeration as the effective element in his art. This has long been acknowledged the peculiar characteristic in our humorous processes. The clean-cut, sinewy force, so common to foreign writers, and no less evident in such men as

Holmes and Lowell, is wanting in our distinctive Americans of this guild of literature. Their strength, on the other hand, is large, loose-jointed, and clumsy, the vigor of Nature and free exercise, not that of the gymnasium and fencing-school. It is humor which runs abroad with rambling, careless steps, not the humor which selects deliberately a fixed goal, and disembarrasses itself of every superfluity before commencing the race. What we lose, however, in energy, point, momentum, we gain in freshness and spontaneity.

In using exaggeration as a force in art, Mark Twain exaggerates not characters but circumstances. As a consequence, he is never a caricaturist. We recognize, even in his most extraordinary statements and descriptions, therefore, a flavor of reality, which takes strong hold of the imagination. Many of the unique people, whom he delineates, indeed, in his Western scenes, seem to have stepped right out of life into the printed page, veritable photographs in large and showy settings.

Mark Twain's latest book, "The Gilded Age," was written in conjunction with Mr. Warner. Our author contributed to this joint production the career of the Hawkins family, and of Colonel Sellers, occupying the first eleven chapters, and twenty-two other chapters, scattered throughout the book. The rest of the composite story must be credited to the accomplished author of "Backlog Studies" and "Saunterings." We have the word of the authors that there was no intention of making it humorous, the sole purpose being that of bitter satire, true and honest to the core.

Some of the best detached descriptions which have ever emanated from Mark Twain's pen may be found in this book. They show that the author's powers are at their best working capacity, and that the world has a right to look for liberal fruits from them.

George T. Ferris.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANGÉLIQUE LECTURES ME.

More than two months since Captain Brand went away! I have not heard again from Eugène, and I begin to weary of his silence. Christmas will be here soon, and it is very cold. Madame La Peyre shivers and stays by the fireside, but I rejoice in the frost. It has been very dull lately, for the Traceys have been paying country-visits, and Mr. Newton and Mr. Donald have been away ever so long. I have taken some pleasant walks with Angélique, for Madame La Peyre proposed this arrangement after her talk with Captain Brand. At first I thought this absurd, but I have grown fond of listening to Angélique's stories. She tells me old Norman legends. I am quite anxious to go back to Château-Fontaine, and explore the neighborhood with her. I shall see every thing with new eyes. There is a wonderful ruined monastery, not far off, and all along the Seine, she says, there are wonderful places; but I do not know when we shall get back to the château. Mrs. Dayrell has been very ill lately. I rarely see her, and when I do she cannot hold a conversation, because of her cough. She looks more weird and hectic than ever, and if she speaks she is always bitter and contradictory.

I was thinking much about her as Angélique and I walked briskly along the high-road; even I, with all my love of climbing, shrank from the rocks in the Cleeve since this hard frost had set in. On the left the wind came whistling through an ash-wood, and the bare branches groaned and rattled as if they felt the cold, and the need of shelter from it. A robin sat perched on a blackberry-bush that had straggled to the top of the hedge; the little bright-eyed bird was singing heartily; on the right the fields sloped down to the frozen brook that lay silent and imprisoned at the foot of the steep hills rising from its opposite bank.

"Angélique"—I spoke so suddenly out of the midst of my reverie that she started, "why is Mrs. Dayrell always impatient and unhappy?"

Angélique's smile faded; I think she was really pained to hear me call any one impatient.

"Mademoiselle is not pitiful this morning; the poor madame scarcely ever sleeps; I hear her cough—cough—cough—all through the night; and, mademoiselle, the dark hours are so much longer than the light hours to persons who suffer."

"But, Angélique, if you hear madame cough all through the night, you must lie awake, too, and you are not cross."

"Ah, mademoiselle, but it is different to lie awake and think of the suffering of another, and to suffer one's self; one is not fevered and distracted, and one has one's mind tranquil. Ah, mademoiselle, I pray that it may not be laid on you to suffer as madame suffers."

It is very rare for Angélique to preach, and I make a point of teasing her if she does.

"I want to know why you always connect me with Mrs. Dayrell; what likeness can there be between us?"

"Because I see a likeness, mademoiselle." Angélique spoke with unusual quickness. "I knew madame when she was as young as mademoiselle is." She gave a deep sigh. "She used to be so gay, so beautiful—" She sighed again.

"What changed her?" I said, abruptly, and then I felt as if I were inquisitive.

Angélique looked puzzled; either she did not know, or else she was unwilling to answer my question.

"It is a very sad history, mademoiselle," she said, at last. "I should not like to tell it till I have asked madame's permission."

I felt disappointed; for I guessed that Madame La Peyre would refuse permission, as she always tries to put hindrances between me and Mrs. Dayrell.

I looked at Angélique, and I saw her eyes bent eagerly forward, and at the same instant I heard the sound of a fast-trotting horse.

You might walk for days about Merdon, and never meet so much as a wayfarer in the wooded roads which screen you completely from view of the fields, and since all my friends departed this isolation has been complete, so that this fast trot-trot gave me a sort of Robinson Crusoe sensation.

I had not long to wait. The road wound in and out in such sudden turns that our first sight of the horseman was when he was close beside us.

It was Mr. Donald.

He was off his horse instantly, and he turned to walk beside me, holding the bridle in his hand. I was very glad to see him, but he looked delighted. I thought he was quite foolish to show his feeling so plainly, and yet I liked him to be glad.

"How is Mr. Newton—is he with you?"

He was grave in an instant.

"He started long before I did—he must have reached the park some hours ago. We have ridden over from Exeter."

And then he walked on in silence.

What can have come to him—he used to have so much more conversation than Mr. Newton had? Angélique dropped a few steps behind, but she was still near enough to hear all we said.

"I think we had better turn back," I said; "if you have ridden from Exeter, your horse must be tired."

"Yes," said Mr. Donald, with a start; "perhaps we had."

I am no doubt ungrateful, but if I think a person likes me very much I am always inclined to tease, and really Mr. Donald looks absurdly fond of me to-day. I wish he would show his liking by being amusing—but he walks back in utter silence.

"Where have you been?" I ask, at last.

"We slept in London on Monday, and then came on." He looks at me with widely-opened eyes, as if he does not understand exactly what I am talking about.

I laugh. "I mean where have you been all these weeks?"

"Yes"—Mr. Donald looks a little confused—"we have been away a very long time; it seemed as if we should never get to Merdon again. We have been to Genoa and to Milan, and we crossed the Alps, and then we visited several French towns, and ended in Paris. Has the time seemed so very long to you?" he said, eagerly.

I tried hard not to laugh, but there was something so helpless and anxious in his question that I felt mischievous.

"It ought to have been much longer to me than to you, ought it not? I have staid here in Merdon quite quietly, with no one to amuse me but old Samuel, and yet you see I am alive."

Instead of laughing when I look up, I see that he is desperately grave; so serious and altogether old-looking that I feel as if he were my tutor instead of being Frank Newton's.

"I have missed our readings very much"—I try to speak as sweetly as I can. I cannot bear any one to be cross with me.

"Have you really?" and again Mr. Donald beams over with delight. This is absurd, because he used to be very calm and collected about these readings.

"When shall we begin them again?" I say, for he amuses me. I want to see whether his delight is genuine, or whether it will fade when its reality is tried.

"May I come to-morrow?" He looks so pleasant.

I feel that it is wrong, but it is irresistible. I cast down my eyes and hang my head as if I felt shy. "Yes," I say, in a timid way, as if I were as delighted as he was.

As I speak, we reach a turn in the road which leads up to the park.

"Thank you;" and then, quite in his usual quiet voice, "I must leave you here—good-by."

Angélique came nearer as soon as he was gone, but she did not speak.

My own thoughts were not satisfactory. I grew impatient of her silence.

"Angélique, why don't you speak? I believe you are longing to scold me."

Angélique gave me a quiet, half-comic look.

"Why does mademoiselle suppose that I so wish?"

"Because I laughed at Mr. Donald, who is, of course, to be respected, as he is so much older than I am."

"Mademoiselle, if I wished to say something to you, it would not be because you have laughed. That might be perhaps—what will you?—a little uncourteous, but it would not have been wrong."

"Wrong!" the color flew over my face, and I felt that my voice was growing vexed, "dear me, I did not know I was as guilty as that—pray let me hear this wrong-doing."

There was a little pain in Angélique's face, but no anger.

"I think as mademoiselle is so young, and her marriage is not known—she should be careful how she speaks to gentlemen."

I stopped short in the road. I did not dare to speak, I was too angry—this was too insolent. I longed to tell her I was not married, but then this would upset all the little plan I meant to carry out when my father's letter arrived. My silence did not seem to frighten Angélique, she made no excuse, but stood beside me.

"I don't know what you mean," I said at last, haughtily; and then the sight of that quiet, saddened face made me feel ashamed.

"I am sorry to vex mademoiselle, but her manner to Monsieur Donald would make him think she cares for him very much, and it is impossible that she can do this when she has a husband."

I lost all control.

"Who told you I was married?"

"Madame told me so."

Angélique looked really surprised and troubled. I felt quite glad to have upset her equanimity.

"And did madame tell you the circumstances?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Then you must know very well that I am just as free as if I had never been married, and that I do not consider that Captain Brand is my husband."

"Mademoiselle may not think so, but he is her husband, nevertheless."

"Nonsense!" I could hardly keep from stamping my foot. "Suppose we both agree to get this marriage set aside; suppose I do not care for Captain Brand?"

I stopped—silenced by the change in her face—she looked horror-struck.

"Mademoiselle, a marriage may not be broken—it is the ordinance of God."

I could not answer. I walked on dumbly but not subdued, and yet a cold, dead weight had fallen on my heart. I had never thought of my marriage in this light before.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY TWO LETTERS.

I COULD not sleep all night, and for the first time I realized some of Mrs. Dayrell's suffering, while I listened to the incessant cough—cough that surely must have shaken the bed on which she lay. But it was not her cough that kept me awake; that only chimed in with my own tormenting thoughts.

Madame La Peyre and Angélique were the only women who knew my secret, and they both gave the same unhesitating opinion. For the first time since I left Château-Fontaine a terrible real feeling of dread oppressed me, held me in check as if it were some giant.

What was I, after all? Only a girl of seventeen, old for my age, perhaps, but with very little knowledge of the ways and customs of real life, for I had begun to feel that these are not quite the same as the mere restraints of society. Had I been wrong all this time, trusting in my own ignorance? Was Captain Brand really my husband?

No! No girl could be married against her will, and I had never willed to be his wife. I turned my restless head from side to side. My pillow had been so cold when I went to bed, and now it seemed burning. Suddenly a new thought came. Why should I not get another opinion before my father's letter comes; tell the story as if it were not my own to some one who does not know Captain Brand?

Madame and Angélique are good, but they are not clever, and I want really clever advice. The sudden soothing lulled me; I fell asleep at last, wishing I knew a lawyer.

I woke with a start. Angélique was at my bedside.

"What is it?"

I began to rub my eyes as if I wanted to rub them out; for the sunlight was shining in at my window, and I felt dazzled.

Angélique's cheerful face quieted me.

"It is that mademoiselle has slept so, so long, and madame would not let me waken her till now."

"Dear me, how tiresome!" I started up full of dismay—for I so dislike late rising, the whole day is sure to go crooked afterward.

I found Madame La Peyre sweet, and smiling, and affectionate, as ever; this is the charming part of her; she has no moods or caprices. For a day or two after her lecture on my marriage, I felt shy and stiff with her; but I am sure the stiffness was all on my side, and she is not only sweet, she is so bright.

"Well, my sleeping princess," she says, when I come in, "so the hundred years are over already. I came and took a little peep at you, and, my Gertrude, your eyes looked sealed up for a long, long time, and you had a so happy smile that I left you to your dreams."

"Had I. I was not very happy when I went to sleep"—she looked inquisitive, and I went on fast to check a question—"I did not tell you that we met Mr. Donald yesterday, and he is coming to give me a reading-lesson this afternoon."

Madame La Peyre looked troubled.

"I am very sorry, but you cannot receive him, my child. I have promised to teach the Miss Traceys how to do this fine embroidery."

I felt provoked.

"How industrious they are! I seem hardly able to find time for reading and practising, and they sketch, and do all sorts of things, besides. I wonder why I don't learn to embroider?"

"You have too little to do, my Gertrude, and so your time slips away. When we return to Château-Fontaine you will find many employments which I cannot give you here."

Here Angélique appeared—

"A letter for mademoiselle."

I was expecting to hear from Eugène.

I felt myself get red in an instant. I thought old Samuel had been treacherous, and had sent up Eugène's letter.

I can feel that Madame La Peyre is watching me.

But one look tells me the letter is not from Eugène—there is a foreign postage-stamp, but the handwriting is square and English-looking.

"My dear Gertrude." I look on to the end, and there, in firm writing, that somehow makes me feel afraid, is "George Brand."

I blushed, and then I felt so vexed that Madame La Peyre should sit watching me. I crossed over to my favorite window-seat. I can kneel up there in comfortable solitude.

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE: I have been wishing to write ever since I left Merdon, but I have been so constantly on the move that I have had little leisure for even necessary letters of business. I hope the songs were what you liked." [I do not think I have said that, very soon after he went away, a box of music and books and periodicals came down from London. We found them a great help while our friends were away.]

"I think New York would amuse you very much. Life is very lively here both as to business and amusement. The ladies dress much more gayly and fashionably than they do in London. They seem to give themselves up very much to the study of dress. New York is a handsome, well-built city, and I should fancy very pleasant to live in.

"I have made a very interesting journey down the Mississippi, and went on from there to the far West, and got a week's hunting on the prairie—as wild, I fancy, as any thing in Australia—a place where, if you want to stay,

you must build your own hut, and supply yourself with food and fuel. One of our companions set the prairie on fire, and the sight fully equaled any of the accounts I have read of such a scene. I should like you to have seen it—you have such enthusiastic power of admiration that it would have given you double enjoyment. I hope you will be so very kind as to answer me. I shall spend Christmas in New York; afterward I may possibly join my mother in Scotland; but I hope to be with you again by the end of January, and to find you as blooming as when I left you. I hope you do not suffer much from cold. I may stay longer next time, may I not? Will you present my compliments to Madame La Peyre, and

"Believe me,
"Your true friend,
"GEORGE BRAND."

I need not have blushed; why, except that one little sentence about staying longer next time, the whole letter might be put in a newspaper.

Ah, how different from Eugène's letters! But, then, he loves me. Well, I don't want Captain Brand to be in love with me, so why should I wish his letter to be different?

I turned round to Madame La Peyre—

"From Captain Brand," I said, carelessly, and I gave her the letter to read.

"I am not awake yet; I think I will go up-stairs."

She is reading the letter, and does not hear me. But I do not care; I want to get out without Angélique's surveillance. I want to see old Samuel. That dry, stiff letter has made me long more than ever for one from Eugène, and, if one comes, he will send it up to the house, as he did this one.

How can I answer Captain Brand? There is nothing to answer.

On the stairs I meet Angélique, who delays me with questions about a gown she is making for me; then, as I pass through the kitchen on my way out, the little blue-eyed child holds up its mouth to be kissed, and I stop and play with it.

I feel very impatient by the time I reach Samuel's cottage.

I went in at the door, and walked straight into his office.

"It be you, be it, missy?" He scarcely turned his head.

"Good-morning," I said, stiffly; "why did you send my letter up to the house?"

He went on writing in an old brass-cornered book; I spoke again, in a louder voice:

"Why did you send me a letter this morning? I told you I should call for my letters."

I grew very impatient. At last he stuck his pen behind his ear:

"So you did; so you did, missy"—Samuel turned slowly round on his stool to look at me with bland benevolence. I wish he did not remind me of the white-haired old gentleman who sold the spectacles to Moses Primrose—"and I should ha' kept 'em for'ee; but this was an oversight; it were along of Madam Angelick a-comin' in as hur were passin' for they letters, and she gets argufyin' about the rheumatics; hur never had they, so I says hur can't know how to physic they; my stomick is a English one, and madam's physic be furrin'; stands to reason them can't suit. Madam Angelick may be a good nuss; nussin' is mostly for women, but doctorin's for men—like most what is sensible; so, missy, as I was saying, I were worritted, and I ketches up the letters—they hadn't long been brought in, and there they was"—he pointed to his desk—"and I gives 'em to Madam Angelick in a lump, and never give yourn a thought till hur were out of sight."

"Very well; I hope you will be more careful," I said, gravely; and then I added what I had been longing to ask before: "then no other letter has come for me before that one?"

Samuel grinned; then he got up stiffly, went to a cupboard just behind me, and came back with a letter in his hand.

"Is it all right, missy?"

I saw at once that this was from Eugène.

I looked at Samuel, and my eyes fell at once; he looked so insufferably conscious that I had a secret.

I hardly know what I said; but I got away as quickly as I could, went home, and shut myself in my bedroom before I took the letter out of my pocket.

THE CROWN UNWON.

"WHOSO endureth to the end,"
So, long ago, the word was spoken:
Hearts fail, and bowed heads earthward bend,
Yet who shall say the pledge is broken?
Brave eyes may read the promise still,
Though writ in lines of pain and loss;
The path lies onward up the hill,
Though every mile-stone be a cross.

Long time ago my soul and I
Converse and counsel held together,
When clear and bright youth's morning sky
Flushed rosy in the summer weather;
"Soul," said I, "many a pathway fair,
Waiting thy choice, before thee lies;
Think long, choose well, then proudly dare
Thine utmost might to win the prize."

And so we looked, my soul and I,
And many a fair, false joy refusing,
Beheld at last, serene and high,
The crown of her supremest choosing;
And on it fixed our steadfast gaze,
While the bright, joyous wizard, Hope,
Through all those bounteous summer days,
Drew one delicious horoscope.

But summer hours fade fast away,
And that dear crown, above my winning,
Here in the twilight of my day,
Gleams far, as in my bright beginning;
And now Hope's eyes are dim and sad,
And Doubt and Grief walk close beside,
And many a joy that erst I had
In this long toil has drooped and died.

And yet I know my soul's true good
Lies still, lies ever, there before me;
I could not turn me if I would,
Though clouds and darkness gather o'er me.
And, though I fail and though I die
Far from my goal, my crown unwon,
No meaner star can tempt the eye
That once has known the steadfast sun.

So on I press up that steep slope,
Behind whose brow that sun is setting;
I walk with Faith, and not with Hope,
Despairing not and not forgetting;
But, when the last brief breath is sped,
I shall not grieve if this men write:
"He strove—he failed—and he is dead,
True always to his highest light."

BARTON GREY.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AT HOME.

(From the German for the JOURNAL.)

THE name of Victor Emmanuel will belong for all time to history. What none of his predecessors were able to accomplish, despite all their exertions and all the useless blood they shed, has been compassed during his prosperous reign. He has united all Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, from sea-washed Venice to proud Palermo, in one kingdom. He has freed the entire soil of Italy from foreign dominion, and at last has firmly established his government in the Eternal City.

These are proud deeds—deeds such as few monarchs can boast of having performed, and comparatively little of their glory is due to King Victor Emmanuel personally. The cry "Italia fara da se!" ("Italy will take care of herself!") has a very sonorous sound in the mouth of a hot-blooded Italian, but it is only an empty phrase, having, in reality, never been made good; for, but for the victories of Napoleon III. in 1859, and of King William of Prussia in 1866, and again in 1870, King Victor Emanuel would, there is little room to doubt, still have his residence in Turin; Milan and Venice would to-day hardly be his, and the Italian tricolor would not have floated, in his day at least, over the domes of old Rome.

But the *Re Galantuomo*, as the Italians are wont to call their king, has one merit which no one denies him: that of possessing great personal courage, which frequently prompted him to expose his life in defense of his crown, and in the contests for the enlarging of his dominions.

And this is the reason why Victor Emmanuel retains his popularity, and, in a measure, is the symbol of Italian unity. Dissatisfied as the inhabitants of some of the newly-annexed provinces are, and as heartily as the Neapolitans hate the Piedmontese, still no Italian thinks of finding fault with the king; on the contrary, he is always blameless, and they hold the government responsible for every thing.

The king is no statesman, or *savant*, or poet, or art-connoisseur, nor does he pretend to be proficient in any thing. The fact is, his acquirements are very limited; his education, in his youth, was sadly neglected, and even now there is nothing he does not prefer to any kind of mental labor. His is a frank, honest nature; nothing is more uncongenial to him than the ceremony and restraint of court-life; the life of the soldier and sportsman alone seems to have any real charms for him.

In the struggles of 1848 and 1849, although in many respects they were not agreeable to him personally, and he had not the slightest ambition to wear the crown to which he was the heir, he nevertheless acquitted himself in the field most creditably. The army points to him with pride as the courageous captain, who always led them into the thickest of the fight, exposing himself when the

occasion demanded, and sharing cheerfully all the hardships of campaigning with the common soldiers.

When he, after the abdication of his father, Charles Albert, was compelled to accept the crown, he left the cares of government entirely to his prime-minister, Count Cavour, whose intellectual superiority he fully recognized, and devoted himself wholly to his army. He could not, certainly, boast of a very thorough knowledge of the art of war, but he was a persistent drill-master, a believer in rapid manœuvring, and was a good disciplinarian—in short, he was what the Austrians call a "Schneidiger Offizier." The qualities he possessed were especially useful in 1848–'49, when there were not a few discontented, unruly heads among the officers of the Sardinian army.

The young king found his greatest pleasure in leading his hardy Bersaglieri—who were recruited among the mountains—through forest and field, over mountain and valley, or in exercising his mounted artillery in the boldest and most rapid manœuvres.

In a battery of mounted artillery, which he commanded, on the occasion of a grand review, to make a rapid movement, on the side of a mountain, two of the horses fell and were seriously injured. The commander of the artillery came up, and was about to make the officers of the battery reproaches for their devil-may-care driving, when the king interposed, taking all the blame to himself, adding, good-humoredly:

"I'll give the battery two good horses out of my stables, so that the Minister of War shall know nothing about it. He is always grumbling, as it is, about my destroying so much material with my dare-devil manœuvres, as he calls them."

And then in the evening, after a hard day in the field, or in the forest, or among the mountains, hunting, a merry banquet, surrounded by a dozen of his boon-companions, was his majesty's greatest delight. Sometimes on these occasions, if we may believe the *on dits*, it would have been quite as well if his majesty and his guests had "punished" a little less of the fiery "Vino d'Asti"—his majesty's favorite wine.

In the year 1859 the fruits of the king's devotion to the interests of the army were apparent, for then the old Sardinian troops fought much better than they had done in 1848–'49, and were much more worthy opponents for the Austrians than were the chasseurs of the Alps and Garibaldi's volunteers, who, although their praises were trumpeted by the newspapers, in reality accomplished comparatively little.

The king again showed that he was a very mediocre tactician and strategist, but an unusually courageous soldier—a regular "Haudegen," as old Blücher used to be called. There was nothing, probably, that afforded Victor Emmanuel so much real pleasure as his being elected to an honorary corporalship in their regiment by the Second French Zouaves, among whom, at that time, there were many old veterans of the Crimean War. After the appointment, they sent him, by a special deputation, a corporal's uniform, that had been made expressly for him. This was doubly gratifying on account of the regiment having, a short time previously, received Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) with hisses.

The great increase in extent, power, and consideration of his kingdom, from 1859 to 1866, afforded Victor Emmanuel, personally, little satisfaction. The loss of his native Savoy, in whose mountains stands the cradle of his house, Savoy-Carignan, which he was compelled to relinquish to Napoleon III., grieved him sadly. And then the presence of so many Neapolitan, Tuscany, and Lombardy officers in his army is not agreeable to him, so that of late years he has occupied himself comparatively little with military matters.

Victor Emmanuel is extremely simple and unostentatious in his habits. He usually drives one horse when he goes out on a hunting excursion, and in his dress and surroundings he always avoids every thing like display, while in the matter of food, like the Emperor William of Germany, he is very easily satisfied—the plainer the better.

The king's *physique* is that of a hardy soldier or huntsman. He is of medium height, broad-chested and strong-limbed, and, despite his fifty-four years, he is a bold rider, a capital shot, and an untiring pedestrian. His face is always browned by exposure, and, with his short, *retroussé* nose, betrays his Slavonian more than his Roman blood. His enormous mustache and imperial, which reaches down to his breast, give him an almost wild appearance. He would, indeed, sooner be taken for a Hungarian hussar or robber chief of Croatia, than for the King of United Italy. His small eyes have a bright, intelligent, good-natured expression, and they are a true index of his real character, for he is not wanting in mother wit or *bonhomie*, which accounts for his great popularity among the lower orders.

In the society of his comrades he is one of the merriest, and if he is in the company of those who understand it he speaks always in the old *patois* of his native province. In court circles and on extraordinary occasions he is very silent and restrained, and shows plainly that he is ill at ease; for that reason he avoids ceremony as much as possible.

After the death of his first wife, in January, 1855, an Austrian arch-duchess, the daughter of Archduke Rainer, Victor Emmanuel contracted a morganatic marriage with a genuine woman of the people, the daughter of a drum-major, who received the name of Countess Rosita. She is, like all Italian women of the lower order, entirely uncultured, or rather unschooled, being, it is said, barely able to read and write, but she has plenty of mother-wit, good-nature, vivacity, and enough common-sense to enable her to often give her husband the best of advice on important occasions; besides, she has always borne a good name.

When the affairs of state will admit of it, the king turns his back upon the Quirinal, his residence in Rome, and goes to some of his châteaus, where he can find more game than in the Campagna around the capital. At one time he goes to the Palazzo Capo di Monte, near Naples, with its magnificent old park, and its beautiful view of the gulf; at another he goes to Moncalieri Castle, with its grand panorama of the Alps from Monte Viso to Mont Blanc, or to Turin or Florence, where he spends his time chiefly in his favorite amusement—hunting.

He often roves about among the mountains of Piedmont entirely alone, and when his flask and luncheon-sack are empty he enters the first collier or peasant hut he comes to, where he shares the humble repast of the occupants, which usually consists of bread and cheese or garlic, or at least of *polenta*; drinks their sour wine, and chats with them, in the most unceremonious and familiar manner possible, in the dialect of the country. If the humble hostess, in honor of her royal guest, would cover the coarse, deal table with a cloth, he is sure to refuse to allow her to do so, saying, "No ceremony! if the bare table is good enough for you, it is good enough for me."

One of Victor Emmanuel's favorite resorts is in the neighborhood of Pisa. Here the Medici family have an enormous park or forest called *Le Cascine di San Rosore*. In this vast inclosure, besides an abundance of game, especially wild-hogs, there are over three thousand head of cattle and horses, and the descendants of the thirteen camels which Ferdinand II. brought from Tunis in 1739, in order to see if they could be acclimated in Tuscany. These animals now number about one hundred and fifty, some of which are used in the park to carry wood, and for other work, while the others roam about where they will.

Those of Victor Emmanuel's companions who have the most influence over him, are his cousin the Admiral Prince Eugene, of Savoy-Carignan, and General La Marmora.

RUSKIN AND THE ECONOMISTS.

HERE I come to that part of Mr. Ruskin's teaching which, to my mind, is the most unfortunate. There is a modern gospel which shows, as he thinks, plain traces of diabolic origin. His general view may be sufficiently indicated by the statement that he utterly abjures Mr. Mill's "Liberty," and holds Mr. Carlyle to be the one true teacher of modern times. But Mr. Ruskin carries his teaching further. The pet objects of his antipathy are the political economists. He believes that his own writings on political economy are incomparably the greatest service which he has rendered to mankind, and to establish his own system is to annihilate Ricardo, Mill, and Professor Fawcett. To give any fair account of his views would be to go too far into a very profitless discussion. This much, however, I must venture to say: Mr. Ruskin's polemics against the economists on their own ground appear to me to imply a series of misconceptions. He is, for example, very fond of attacking a doctrine, fully explained (as I should say, demonstrated) by Mr. Mill, that demand for commodities is not demand for labor. I confess that I am unable to understand the reasons of his indignation against this unfortunate theorem; and the more so because it seems to me to be at once the most moral doctrine of political economy, and that which Mr. Ruskin should be most anxious to establish. It is simply the right answer to that most enduring fallacy that a rich man benefits his neighbors by profligate luxury. Mandeville's sophistry reappears in Protean shapes to the present day. People still maintain in substance that a man supports the poor as well as pleases himself by spending money on his own personal enjoyment. In this form, indeed, Mr. Ruskin accepts the sound doctrine; but when clothed in the technical language of economists, it seems to act upon him like the proverbial red rag. He is always flying at it and denouncing the palpable blunders of men whose reputation for logical clearness is certainly as good as his own. His indignation seems to blind him, and is the source of a series of questionable statements, which I cannot here attempt to unravel. His attack upon the economists is thus diverted into an unfortunate direction. Political economy is, or ought to be, an accurate description of the actual phenomena of the industrial organization of society. It assumes that, as a matter of fact, the great moving force is competition; and traces among men the various consequences of that struggle for existence of which Mr. Darwin has described certain results among animals. The complex machinery of trade has been developed out of the savage simplicity by internal pressure, much as species on the Darwinian hypothesis have been developed out of more homogeneous races. Now, it is perfectly open for anybody to say that the conditions thus produced are unfavorable to morality at the present day, and that we should look forward to organizing society on different principles. If Mr. Ruskin had said so much, he would have found allies instead of enemies among the best political economists. Mr. Mill agrees, for instance, with Comte, and therefore with Mr.

Ruskin, that in a perfectly satisfactory social state capitalists would consider themselves as trustees for public benefit of the wealth at their disposal. They would be captains in an industrial army, and be no more governed by the desire of profit than a general by a desire for prize-money. To bring about such a state of things requires a cultivation of the "altruistic" impulses, which must be the work of many generations to come. But Mr. Ruskin in his wrath attributes to all economists the vulgar interpretation of their doctrines. He calmly assumes that political economists regard their own science as a body of "directions for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources." He supposes that they deny that wages can be regulated otherwise than by competition, because they assert that wages are so regulated at present; and that they consider all desires to be equally good, because they begin by studying the phenomena of demand and supply without at the same moment considering the moral tendencies implied. He supposes that because, for certain purposes, a thinker abstracts from moral considerations he denies that moral considerations have any weight. He might as well say that physiology consists of directions for growing fat, or that it is wrong to study the laws of nutrition because they show how poisons may be assimilated as well as good food. Mr. Ruskin's wrath, indeed, is not thrown away, for there are plenty of popular doctrines about political economy which deserve all that he can say against them. I never read a passage in which reference is made to the "inexorable laws of supply and demand," or to "economic science," without preparing myself to encounter a sophistry, and probably an immoral sophistry. To regard the existing order of things as final, and as imposed by irresistible and unalterable conditions, is foolish as well as wrong. The shrewder the blows which Mr. Ruskin can aim at the doctrines that life is to be always a selfish struggle, that adulteration is only a "form of competition," that the only remedy for dishonesty is to let people cheat each other till they are tired of it, the better; and I only regret the exaggeration which enables his antagonist to charge him with unfairness. But the misfortune is this. On that which I take to be the right theory of political economy, the supposed "inexorable laws" do not, indeed, describe the action of forces as eternal and unalterable as gravitation; but they do describe a certain stage of social development through which we must pass on our road to the millennium. To cast aside the whole existing organization as useless and corrupt is, in the first place, to attempt a Quixotic tilt against windmills, and, in the next place, to deny the existence of the good elements which exist, and are capable of healthy growth. The problem is not to do without all our machinery, whether of the material or of the human kind, but to assign to it its proper place. Mr. Ruskin once said to a minister, who was lamenting the wickedness in our great cities: "Well, then, you must not have large cities."

"That," replied his friend, "is an utterly unpractical saying," and I confess that I think the minister was in the right.

Mr. Ruskin, however, is too impatient or too thoroughgoing to accept any compromise with the evil thing. Covetousness, he thinks, is at the root of all modern evils; our current political economy is but the gospel of covetousness; our social forms are merely the external embodiment of our spirit; and our science the servant of our groveling materialism. We have proved the sun to be "a splendidly permanent railroad accident," and ourselves to be the descendants of monkeys; but we have become blind to the true light from heaven. Away with the whole of the detestable fabric founded in sin, and serving only to shelter misery and cruelty! Before Mr. Ruskin's imagination there has risen a picture of a new society, which shall spring from the ashes of the old, and for which he will do his best to secure some partial realization. He has begun to raise a fund, chiefly by his own contributions, and has already bought a piece of land. These members of the St. George's Company—that is to be the name of the future community—will lead pure and simple lives. They will cultivate the land by manual labor, instead of "buzzing and mazing the blessed fields with the devil's own team;" the workmen shall be paid fixed wages; the boys shall learn to ride and sail; the girls to spin, weave, sew, and cook all ordinary food exquisitely;" they shall all know how to sing and be taught mercy to brutes, courtesy to each other, rigid truth-speaking, and strict obedience. And they shall all learn Latin, and the history of five cities, Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London. Leading "contented lives, in pure air, out of the way of unsightly objects, and emancipated from unnecessary mechanical occupation," the little community will possess the first conditions for the cultivation of the great arts; for great art is the expression of an harmonious, noble, and simple society. Let us wish Mr. Ruskin all success; and yet the path he is taking is strewed with too many failures to suggest much hopefulness—even, we fear, to himself. Utopia is not to be gained at a bound; and there will be some trouble in finding appropriate colonists, to say nothing of competent leaders. The ambition is honorable, but one who takes so melancholy a view of modern society as Mr. Ruskin must fear lest the sons of Belial should be too strong for him.—*Leslie Stephen in Fraser's Magazine.*

BATH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Although young Sheridan had no other advantages than those of a pleasing presence and a ready wit, he yet succeeded in entering the best society of Bath. At that time, Bath was fashionable London in miniature. People of position and fortune, who had lost their health, or who were simply in quest of variety and excitement, went to Bath, as their successors go to Baden, Homburg, Nice, or the Nile. At this watering-place the line of demarcation between the high-born and the lowly sojourner was less clearly drawn than in the capital; a handsome person, polished manners, a fluent tongue, or even fine clothes, were much better recommendations for admission into the small and unrestrained circles of Bath than into the larger and more exclusive circles of London. Adventurers found opportunities there which they could not enjoy elsewhere. Rich and ambitious widows went to Bath in the hope of capturing titled, if poor, husbands. Gentlemen possessing more audacity than money went thither to entrap heiresses. The hypochondriac went to get rid of imaginary ailments; the cripple from gout and rheumatism went to leave his crutches behind him; the fortune-hunter often returned a husband and a man of substance; the rich spinster or widow often returned miserable and a wife.

No other town in England has ever enjoyed, or may again acquire, such a reputation as Bath then had as a sanatarium for ailing statesmen, politicians, authors, and authoresses. Hither came, for rest after toil, or to take the mineral waters, the men most conspicuous in our history since the Revolution—Pulteney, Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, and Chatham; John Wilkes, Charles James Fox, William Pitt, and Edmund Burke. The learned Mrs. Carter, the clever Mrs. Montagu, the fascinating Mrs. Thrale, the sensible and serious Hannah More, the discerning Fanny Burney, all visited Bath either for health or pleasure, or for health and pleasure combined. A little lame boy was brought to this place, in order that his withered leg might be made whole. He left it with his infirmity uncured. Though but six years old, he was regarded as a remarkable child by strangers who made his acquaintance. His name was Walter Scott.

Lady Miller was a resident in the neighborhood of Bath whose acquaintance was greatly sought after, and whose circle was opened to Sheridan. She had traveled in Italy, and written a dry narrative of her experiences; she aspired to be the patroness of rising genius, and professed to be a judge of poetry. She assembled round her, at her villa of Bath Easton, all the well-connected and well-bred persons of either sex who thought that they had talents, who fancied they could write poetry, and who wished to shine. In a letter to Lady Aylesbury, the "Puppet Parnassus" of Lady Miller is thus described by that incomparable letter-writer, accomplished poetaster, and inimitable retailer of scandal, Horace Walpole: "You must know, madam, there is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has now been christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old, rough humorist, who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, was married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich, who carried me to dine at Bath Easton, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan was forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth muse, as recondite as Mademoiselle de Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, and his tongue runs over with *virtu;* and, that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bout-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with—I don't know what. You may think this a fiction, or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed—published. Yes, on my faith, there are *bout-rimés* on a buttered muffin made by her grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them by Corydon the venerable, *alias* George Pitt; others, very pretty, by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre—an immortality promised to her without end or measure."

The probabilities are, that Walpole competed for a prize and failed to obtain one. His account of Bath Easton is more than a caricature, and less than the truth. Doubtless he paid his hostess many mock compliments which she accepted as genuine, and thought the proud possessor of Strawberry Hill enchanted, when he was actually quizzing her. Miss Fanny Burney's sketch of the same place, written in 1780, is apparently more trustworthy: "Do you know that, notwithstanding Bath Easton is so much laughed at in London, nothing here is more tonish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or fame, and excluding of those who are not people of character very

unblemished. . . . Lady Miller is a round, plump, coarse-looking dame of about forty; and, while her aim is to appear an elegant woman of fashion, all her success is to seem an ordinary woman in very common life, with fine clothes on. Her manners are bustling, her air is mock important, and her manners very inelegant. So much for the lady of Bath Easton; who, however, seems extremely good-natured, and who is, I am sure, extremely civil." In this set Sheridan gained many a prize, and had an opportunity of studying human foibles and eccentricities. For the future playwright, it was an excellent school. —*"Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by W. F. Rae.*

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

THE Irish have achieved a great celebrity in the matter of bulls and blunders. By the uninitiated, these are terms which are constantly confounded; but, when they are looked into, it will be seen there is the greatest difference between them. Blundering arises from stupidity, and the stupid are a race who are found all over the world; but the bull—a peculiarity that belongs exclusively to Ireland—is always connected with thought, and originates in the imaginative power of its people. It is not at all a dull absurdity which no one can comprehend—it is always comprehensible, even when it is most confused. It proceeds, not from the want, but the superabundance of ideas, which crowd on each other so fast in an Irishman's pericranium that they get jammed together, so to speak, in the doorway of his speech, and can only tumble out in their ordinary disorder.

Confusion may, indeed, be called a national characteristic. It pervades all Irish history. If the stream of the latter in early days has its gleams of bright tranquillity, sorely troubled does it become as it descends the steeps of Time, till, as it flows on in later ages, it encounters obstructions, political and religious, which give it a turmoil and perplexity that we cannot survey without deploring. As with the affairs of unhappy Ireland, so has it ever been with its peasantry. Public and social disorders have communicated a jar to the brains of Pat; and, if he can be accused now and then of being a little erratic in his sayings and doings, he can at least console himself by pointing to a long historical authority. He may say:

"Arrah! now, why wouldn't I be confused? Wasn't all of us confused, and from the airliest times, and isn't a man to be consistent? Would you have him turn his coat when scarcely a rag of it is left him?"

A good example of a bull may be cited in the case of the two Irishmen, who, fancying that they knew each other, crossed the street to shake hands. On discovering their error:

"I beg your pardon!" cried the one.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the other. "It's a mutual mistake; you see, I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, and, after all, it was neither of us!"

A good pendant to this is told of two friends who met, and referred to the illness of a third.

"Poor Michael Hogan! Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die."

"And why would he die?"

"Oh, he's got so thin! You're thin enough, and I'm thin—but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together!"

A bull is sometimes produced by the false use of a word, as in the case of an Irish watchman giving evidence at a police-office.

"What is this man's offense?"

"He was disorderly, your worship, in the strates, last night."

"And did you give him warning before you took him into custody?"

"I did, your worship. I said to him—'Disparse!'"

Again, a bull may be occasioned by a confusion of identities—as when it was said of an ugly man, that he was handsome when an infant, but he was unluckily changed at nurse; or, as it was shown in the fervor of a girl, who, desiring her lover's miniature, and he fearing it might lead to a discovery—

"Oh, it needn't," she exclaimed; "I'll tell the painter not to make it like you!"

And, again, a bull may be owing to a limited amount of knowledge—as in the case of an old woman going to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and, being told it was raised to a halfpenny on account of the Russian war:

"Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed; "and do they fight by candle-light?"

Apart, however, from all of these, the ordinary sayings of the Irish have an imaginative quality which is just as characteristic, and not at all confusing. As, for instance, when they say of a man who is irretrievably ruined:

"Saltpetre wouldn't save him, and that is a strong pickle;" or when they would advise another to avoid arrest: "Be off while your shoes are good!" or, as they delicately say of an elderly lady, whose number of years they forbear to mention: "A kitten of her age wouldn't play with a cork."

And apart from all these, again, is the genuine humor of the Irish, which has nothing of the bull in it whatever, but, on the contrary, the clearest notions, and very often the shrewdest sense. I will only cite a couple of instances, which will not be the less welcome if they happen to have been heard before.

A gentleman seeing an Irishman staggering homeward from a fair, and observing to him:

"Ah, Darby, I'm afraid you'll find the road you're going is rather a longer one than you think."

"Sure, your honor," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the *breadth* of it is destroyin' me."

And again, in the Bog of Aughrim, in the last century, plenty of gun-barrels used to be found as a memento of its great battle, and there was a blacksmith who dug them up in order to make use of their material. On one occasion one of them exploded in his furnace, when he exclaimed:

"Bad luck to your love of murther! isn't the battle of Aughrim out of you yet?"—*"Life and Unpublished Papers of Samuel Lover" (London, 1874).*

CONVENT BOARDING-SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THEY are consigned to the care of the nuns generally when about ten or twelve years of age, but the infant division of a school will often include children of four or five; they remain with them, save during vacations, till they are eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. The whole care of these girls during this all-important period, the forming of their minds, habits, tastes, and characters, is left to the religious, a task which they are eminently unfit to fulfill, so far as the interests of society are concerned. The falsest ideas of life and its duties are imbibed by their pupils. The nuns, as we know them, are very far from admitting, like Miss Cusack, that women were created to be wives and mothers.

On the contrary, marriage is decried in every possible way, the domestic virtues discredited and slighted, at least as compared with the monastic ideals of virginity and detachment from every earthly tie. A morbid, ascetic spirit is inculcated. But the real, the vital fault of the system is this: Girls of the middle, sometimes even a lower class, placed on a footing of perfect equality with companions who have been brought up as ladies and by ladies, associated with and taught by nuns who, if not, which they often are, ladies by birth, are ladylike in manners and education, very soon adopt and assimilate the tone of those around them. They remain, in every instance, long enough to acquire a fixed taste for this refinement, in many instances perfectly novel to them. The consequence is that, on returning home, often to very humble homes, they find the domestic circle unbearable. The change from the daily routine of appointed tasks to utter idleness is intolerable. They are over-educated for their station of life; the men who would marry them are uncongenial and unsuitable to them. They are *unclassed*, and we do not believe we exaggerate in stating that nearly fifty per cent. return to their convents, in disgust with the world and themselves. And it is, indeed, the best thing they can do, for the superficial accomplishments which form the ordinary convent curriculum are found totally useless in their homes. Of house-keeping, cooking, plain sewing, or, indeed, any single thing useful as a resource and occupation, the convent graduates are in a state of complete ignorance; conscientious and religious, refined and pure-minded, they struggle on awhile against the obstacles besetting their path, and the uncongeniality of the male members of their family and acquaintance. They cannot find employment as governesses or teachers, for the convents have a monopoly of that profession; moreover, their slender acquirements would never stand the critical test of a private situation. There is nothing for it but to return to the convents. This they do in numbers of which few have any idea, not merely to convents in Ireland, but to those in every part of the world. There are convents in Scotland peopled almost entirely by Irish women; in England too. The only convents we know of in Africa are two Irish Dominican foundations; in New Zealand the same. India, China, Syria, save a few French settlements, possess establishments peopled from the superabundance of the Irish mother-houses. In America, the convents may be said to be exclusively Irish: for a native American to take the veil is a thing almost unknown. In the West Indian Islands are convents the majority of whose inmates belong to the same nationality, and in France there is scarce a single convent without one or more representatives of the Island of Saints. An Irish Australian bishop told us lately that he had made the modern grand tour, and that, in every convent in every part of the world he had visited, his ubiquitous countrywomen were to be found.

This certainly is a social phenomenon of a highly-interesting kind, and outsiders would be sorely puzzled to ascertain its causes; but we assert without hesitation that we have laid our finger on its vital principle in pointing out that it arises chiefly, almost solely, from the totally unsuitable and in great part equally useless education imparted by their religious teachers to the girls of the lower grade of the Irish middle classes. Home-life, after four, six, or more years in the refined retirement of a monastic establishment, with its beautiful grounds and gardens, flower-laden oratories, and dignified sisterhood, is simply unbearable. Another powerful attraction to young and unreflecting minds is the idealistic, romantic esteem in which the profession and its members are held. The religious habit confers a certain social standing of immense value in their eyes. The homely patronymic is exchanged for the sonorous title of some long-dead and buried saint, and the daughter of a publican ranks equal with the descendant of the Howards.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR readers, no doubt, understand that we do not consider ourselves responsible for opinions expressed in signed articles. It is our custom to allow a contributor every liberty of assertion within the limits of propriety and morals. But, despite the fact that our position in this matter is, no doubt, generally recognized, we deem it desirable to explain that the article in this number of the Journal, entitled "The Tyranny of the Republic," advances opinions, some of which we distinctly oppose. This article is from the pen of a contributor whose productions have frequently appeared in these pages, to the gratification, there can be no doubt, of our readers. The writer is a lady of social position, much travel, large observation, and one who represents the views of an influential class. The paper contains so much that is true that we could not refuse it a place, notwithstanding our objection to the tenor of some of its criticisms.

All that our contributor has to say about strengthening the power of government, about what a "one-headed tyrant" might do in moments of emergency, is, in our judgment, radically wrong. So far from a responsible power being able to prevent panics and commercial crises, these calamities have occurred more frequently in countries abroad, where there are centralized and even despotic governments, than here. They are of a nature that no power, or authority, or despotism, known to history, could avert; they are of a nature, indeed, that the interposition of any power, the wisest and the most absolute, would be sure to intensify the evil. Since history began, government has in no instance arbitrarily meddled in commercial or financial affairs without working tremendous mischief—excepting when occasionally it has interposed to withdraw restrictions which it had previously established, or to undo something which it had before insisted upon doing. If there is any thing in the world imperatively necessary for people and for rulers to learn, it is that government *must* let commerce and finance alone.

And not only commerce and finance, but many other things. We shall not find relief for the evils so bitterly complained of by "strengthening the hands of our rulers," or by trying a more "stringent bond." What we should do is to remove from the dominion of government altogether every thing that it now meddles with excepting those matters that pertain to the preservation of order and the maintenance of justice, and then to see that within these narrow limits it rigidly performs its duties. This is the only way the rights of the individual can be broadly and fully maintained. Let us have that form of government which shall guarantee to every person the utmost liberty of individual action, limited only by the like liberty for others · a government that shall maintain the peace supremely, which shall promptly enforce the obligation of contracts, that shall render property always secure against both force and chicanery, that shall compel from each the recognition of the rights of all the rest, and, these things being done, shall let all other affairs alone, no matter how great the temptation may be to enter upon them, or how plausible the arguments may be that would fain seduce it away. The difficulty with our people is, that they do not understand this theory of the limitation of government, nor see what evils are arising from our present methods. So far from the good old axiom, "The best governed country is that which is governed least," being understood or accepted, everybody seems to look to government for the reform of all evils, and to imagine that a new Legislature, new laws, or a new President, or that the change from the politician Jack to the politician Jim, will at once settle all disorders, and give us a political Utopia.

Laws that protected the rights of the individual in all greater matters would insure the establishment of a social code which would enforce the recognition of the many minor rights involved in the intercourse of society and the contact of persons. Just now there are bitter complaints of the despotism of the mob, the rudeness and incivility of officials, the general dissoluteness of manners, the humiliations and insults that ladies and gentlemen are subjected to in their comings and goings. The management of our public vehicles is a matter of ceaseless exasperation. The manner in which cart-drivers, hackmen, omnibus-drivers, and others of that ilk, lord it over private carriages and pedestrians, is another thing that makes the blood boil. How are these things to be remedied? How are policemen, car-conductors, omnibus-drivers, hackmen, roughs of the pavement, and all others, to be taught the rights of citizens? These evils form largely the burden of our contributor's complaints, but she offers no remedy that is practicable.

Now, we would suggest, as one potent means for a reform, that our gentlemen first inquire of themselves how far they are responsible for this condition of things by personal example; how far by a cowardly surrender; how far by an entire want of *esprit de corps*.

It cannot be denied that there has been a general decay of manners. Our social tree shows the decay of breeding at the top as well as at the root. Not only has there come over the general manner of our gentlemen a certain free-and-easy bearing, but they have permitted themselves in many things to disregard the comfort and rights of others. How many men claiming to be gentlemen, and even recognized as such, persistently smoke in the streets, to the intense discomfort of all ladies and many men! What right has a person who thus deliberately imposes the unpleasantness of a personal habit upon others to complain, if his selfishness is imitated by his inferiors? What right has the lady or gentleman who disregards the comforts of a public audience, by coming late or leaving untimely, to wonder if this supremely uncourteous selfishness is copied and enlarged upon? It may be asserted that, while the lower classes are unmannerly and often offensive, yet for acts of pure selfishness, for cool disregard of everybody's rights or convenience, the upper classes are often almost intolerable. If these people insist upon civility and good breeding in the mass, they must begin by illustrating these virtues in themselves. High breeding, prompt regard for the rights of others, unselfish thoughtfulness in their personal contact with men and women, would be sure to find admirers and copyists among those lower in the social scale; and the influence of these examples, if persistently maintained, would eventually permeate the whole community.

Our gentlemen submit too patiently to the rudeness of inferiors. In instances where an English gentleman would robustly assert himself, the American quietly submits rather than be exposed to an altercation. It is scarcely to be wondered at that a public altercation is supremely dreaded, in view of how much at the mercy of the mob the gentleman would be who ventured to take a position, how little he could depend upon the aid of the police, how almost certainly his own class would forsake him in the emergency. There really seems to be no *esprit* among American gentlemen, no bond of union, no signal of class identity. We have never seen an instance where a gentleman, in resenting the impertinence of a car-conductor, the exaction of a hackman, or the insolence of a rowdy, obtained the coöperation and support of other gentlemen. They are quite more apt to sympathize with the other side in the contest. The officials of our public vehicles know this so well, are so assured of the support of their passengers, that they never hesitate in their conduct toward a gentleman who has resented any of their rude impertinences. On these occasions the gentlemen lookers-on are certain to exhibit by their manner, if not by their speech, their contempt for one who has not quietly followed the common practice, and submitted. "What's the use of making a fuss about it?" "Take things easy, and be a philosopher." These are the sentiments either expressed or looked. No doubt, it is wise for one not to permit himself to be fretted by the insolence of inferiors, to hold himself in lofty silence above the impertinences of the vulgar; but this is not the way to teach rude people civility, nor the way to establish personal rights. It is altogether the smoothest way of getting along at the beginning, but it is certain to increase the evil, and eventually to subject us all to the dominion of the mob. The gentleman referred to by our contributor, who, single-handed, attempted to combat the evils we are discussing, should

not have attempted this Herculean task alone. He should have banded a number of gentlemen together for the purpose, organized a club or an association, enlisted the sympathy of the better class of the community, and, slow as the progress might have been at the beginning, a measurable success would in the end have rewarded the struggle.

A good deal of the bad breeding that we encounter is the rude outcome of what is at root a personal virtue. The lower classes abroad are often unpleasantly servile. This vice we do not often see here; our people, indeed, have an intense contempt for it, and much of their conduct is reactionary, springing from a rather gratuitous assertion of independence. They have not learned the intermediate state between servility and incivility; and that they have not learned this is, with those employed on our public vehicles, the fault of the companies who engage them. We should be astonished somewhat if, upon dining at Delmonico's, a green hand from the streets were sent to serve us with the soup. Mr. Delmonico drills and disciplines his green material before turning it loose in his dining-room. Why should not the railroad companies do the same? What right have they to expose people, and ladies especially, to rude and ill-mannered officials, without first putting them through a preparatory discipline? It would be a good thing to uniform all conductors and drivers of public vehicles: the moral effect of a neat uniform has been exemplified many times. It would be well to give them even semi-police authority, not only uniforming them, but training them, as the police are trained, and holding them amenable for their conduct, as the police are held.

—— There is something cozy, compact, and home-like, in the two little kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, which lends them a charm apart from the rich historical recollections which cluster around their names, and the historical and artistic relics contained in their museums, churches, and palaces. There are many more famous parts of Europe that the traveler might omit with advantage, if by doing so he would make a *détour* through the Low Countries, and witness the quaint sights and manners which the Dutch and the Flemings have preserved for centuries.

Especially pleasant and instructive is a jaunt through the principal towns of the still youthful and steady flourishing realm of Belgium. Only one adornment seems wanting—beauty of natural scenery. Belgium is inveterately and monotonously flat, at least till the banks of the Meuse are reached, near its southern limit. Yet, there is a quaintness in the Belgian landscape which relieves it of monotony, and has its own peculiar attractions. The tall, straight rows of trees, with tufted tops, looking like a leafy company of grenadiers being drilled by an invisible captain; the long expanses of flat though fruitful fields; the many-gabled, steep-roofed houses; the great flapping windmills, such as are seen in Rembrandt's and Van Eyck's pictures; the queer costumes of the peasantry—all quite unlike any other locality of the Old World.

In Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent, in Brussels and Antwerp, in Mechlin and Louvain, in Namur and Liége, at Waterloo and Lacken, are to be found innumerable objects of interest, all within convenient reach, and so curious and striking that they may be viewed without weariness, which so quickly prostrates even the most enthusiastic sight-seer in London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome. Ostend is the combination of a pretty modern watering-place with an antique Flemish seaport town, full of mediæval structures and quaint straggling streets and alleys. Bruges may almost be called a petrified town, so exactly does it remain in the outward appearance it bore when Charles the Bold ruled in Burgundy and Flanders; the town fairly hints its extreme age and its stagnation to the nostrils as well as to the eyes. Ghent recalls the splendors and the dramas of the olden days, and is replete with memories of Van Artavelde and Egmont. Brussels is a pocket-edition of Paris—the sunniest, loveliest, brightest, most alluring, comfortable, and inspiring little city on the European Continent. At Mechlin you may see the world-renowned lace made that bears its name; at Antwerp, Peter Paul Rubens's house, and his two masterpieces, "The Ascent of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross."

But he who travels thus pleased and interested through this queer old Flemish land, will not fail to take note of a circumstance that is apparent on every hand—the complete order, peace, regularity, and liberty, in which Belgium exists. It is a model state; once in a while there is a labor-riot, but it is speedily repressed; and otherwise the Belgians appear scarcely to know that they are governed. They live under a well-framed constitution, and their two sovereigns have, happily, been wise, moderate, peace-loving men, not unlike the worthy old burgomasters of three hundred years ago. The cable-telegrams have seldom any thing to say about Belgium, and the future historian's account of the little kingdom under the two Leopolds will assuredly be the dullest of reading, as unlike as possible the stirring, and for the most part gloomy and tragic, story of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." There is something exquisitely simple about the government, and the very quiet and smooth manner in which its wheels work; and if Belgium has scarcely produced a single statesman of European reputation, it has, no doubt, been because she has not been called upon to play a conspicuous part in the usually sombre drama of European politics.

One statesman she had, however, whose fame was more than continental; and he has just died, in London, at a by no means advanced age, although he may be called the father of the Belgian kingdom. It was Sylvain Van de Weyer, who, more than forty years ago, he being then a rising young lawyer of Louvain, was chiefly instrumental, first in obtaining Belgian independence of Holland, to which government the Belgians had been attached by the Congress of Vienna, which dismembered the Napoleonic empire, and secondly in framing the admirable constitution, modeled after that of England, under which the Belgians have lived happily ever since. It was he, too, who became a "king-maker" by indicating Leopold of Coburg as the proper man to wear the new crown; a most fortunate choice. Van de Weyer effected the close alliance and friendship between Belgium and England which has, undoubtedly, preserved the lesser state from the greed of great neighbors; for it is no secret that both France and Germany have long looked with covetous eyes on the thrifty and prosperous little monarchy.

This excellent man, whose death has elicited so little attention as to once more give point to the reflection—how soon the achievers of estimable deeds are forgotten after the fruits of their deeds have been reaped, was a man of letters as well as a brilliantly successful statesman, diplomatist, and constitution-maker; and he had all the general *bonhomie* which is characteristic of the Flemings, who unite the German good-nature with a dash of French sparkle, being a graceful host, and one of the chief favorites at aristocratic London tables. In his later years he resided in the English metropolis, which a long sojourn there as minister had endeared to him; he married an English wife; and, after retiring from the legation, continued to keep a fatherly watch over Belgian interests, the intimate confidant alike of Queen Victoria and of both the Leopolds. Meanwhile, he cultivated the field of letters, and enjoyed to the utmost the refined and elegant London society the attractions of which had led him to expatriate himself.

—— The recent papers in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Alfred R. Wallace, in behalf of the supernatural character of the phenomena known as spiritualism, have revived the discussion of this topic in many quarters where it had ceased to excite interest.

In one journal there has been paraded a long list of persons eminent in science, literature, and art, who have given in their adherence to the faith; and this list is certainly astonishing, including such names as Professor Varley, the celebrated electrician; the late Professor De Morgan, the mathematician; Dr. Robert Hare, Professor of Chemistry; Dr. Ashburner, the surgeon; Camille Flammarion and Hermann Goldsmidt, the French and German astronomers; Professor Strieff, of the College of Chartres; M. Bounemire, the historian; William and Mary Howitt, Gerald

Massey, Harriet Martineau, T. Adolphus Trollope, the late Lord Brougham, Dr. Hoeffle, author of "History of Chemistry," Professor Gunning, Rev. John Pierpont, William Lloyd Garrison, the late Hiram Powers, W. H. Harrison: and to these names others are added of those whose inclinings are this way, but whose full belief is not established, among which are Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Guizot, Tennyson, Ruskin, Kossuth, Garibaldi, etc. This is certainly a formidable showing, and of itself commands respect.

But, notwithstanding the greater or less belief entertained by so many eminent persons, it is singular that spiritualism has always failed to supply certain tests which alone can conclusively establish its supernatural character. We believe the spiritualists repudiate the word supernatural, declaring the phenomena to be entirely natural, but we use the term as more convenient for our purpose than any other. This test is the affording of intelligence that from its nature *must* come from a spiritual or supernatural source. The New-York *World*, discussing this topic, declares that the test should be "the publication of the details of some event, knowledge of which cannot possibly be obtained by any natural method, and the verification of which is subsequently made. For example, the death of Captain Hall in the arctic regions, the sufferings of the survivors, the separation of the Buddington and Tyson parties, and their subsequent rescue, all happened months before the intelligence could reach the confines of civilization. There are no natural means by which the world could be made acquainted with each successive step in this drama, save by those furnished by vessels visiting those regions, and time would have to be consumed by the fastest sailer among them to carry the news. Now, if some accommodating medium had informed the public, through the daily press, of each one of these events, immediately upon its happening, with minute details in each case, their final verification, months afterward, would have been evidence in favor of supernatural communication difficult for the skeptic to overcome. But such a proof as this, so obviously easy on the spiritualistic basis, and so obviously convincing, has never, in a single instance, been furnished by the spiritualists, and the inference is that it cannot be furnished."

It seems to us that the *World* is quite right in this. However astonishing the phenomena we hear of may be, there can be no satisfactory evidence of their spiritual character until tests are supplied such as pointed out by our contemporary. Important events are occurring daily, intelligence of which does not reach us until long afterward. The medium who could reveal these events at the time of their occurrence, evidently *must* derive the intelligence from a source other than mundane; but the medium who reveals events already known, at least to his interlocutor, does not establish the fact that his information comes from a supernatural source, however perplexing the fact of this knowledge may be.

Assuming that disembodied spirits have the power to communicate with us, it does not follow that they have any means of knowing or foretelling the future; but, as they claim to be cognizant of earthly things, of being able to read other minds, then assuredly they must or can be cognizant of events occurring in different places, and ought to be able to communicate this information, as well as other intelligence, through their chosen mediums. Until they do so, the roll of the disbelievers must outnumber that of the believers.

——— We are indebted to a correspondent at Baltimore for the following note supplying an omission in our recent article on Guizot.

"In this week's issue of the Journal I have been much interested in the biographical sketch of M. Guizot; but, finding that one literary event in his career has escaped notice, and being one associated with this country, I have thought it sufficiently interesting to deserve notice. In 1837 he was intrusted by our government with the task of writing a history of Washington. His work, published under the title "Vie, Correspondance, et Ecrits de Washington" (2 vols., Paris, 1839–1840), procured him the honor of having his portrait placed in the Chamber of Representatives at Washington."

We find this statement made in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," but other biographies of Guizot make no mention of it, beyond the fact that he had composed such a work.

——— A correspondent, who writes to us in regard to a recent article on "The Tidal Mystery," saying, "Were this theory based on well-known physical laws, every candid and philosophical mind would be ready and willing to give it due consideration; but, when it is founded on an assumption so absurd as that put forward by this writer, one can only smile, with the reflection that a certain class of people 'rush in where angels fear to tread,'" is reminded that the theory thus assailed was not originated by the writer of the article, who simply popularized the proposition set forth in Professor Bartlett's "Spherical Astronomy," which for years has been the class-book at West Point.

Literary.

"CLARISSA HARLOWE," published in a neat little pocket edition in one volume, furnished with every nineteenth-century device for the reader's comfort, and damp from the press of a New-York printing-office, seems an odd anachronism. The heart of the reverent worshiper of old books will groan within him at a sacrilegious meddling with one of the chief of his idols, and it will seem to him as brisk Mr. Proctor's "Half-Hours with the Stars" would have seemed to a solemn mediæval astrologer, or as a newspaper reporter's paragraph on Johnson would have appeared to Mr. Boswell. The professed bibliophilist will no longer toil with delightful tediousness through the eight majestic tomes in which the stout old London printer's wealth of elaborated sentiment lies hidden from the ordinary reader; but will sigh as he thinks that every thoughtless whipper-snapper, without his own reverent labor, will glibly quote the great romance as though his whole childhood had been spent in the perusal of the English classics. One friend of ours at least, who spends his existence chiefly in the reign of Queen Anne, will deepen his disgust for the present day, and wonder why some one does not edit an expurgated Shakespeare, or an abstract of Addison and Steele.

We shall most of us, however, thank Mr. Henry Holt heartily for giving us the abridged "Clarissa Harlowe" that has appeared in the "Leisure-Hour Series;" and those who best know the voluminous original will most commend Mr. C. H. Jones's excellent performance of the work of editor. The average book-consumer of to-day has not time—not because of the mere influence of the hurry about him, but because of the actual press of the ages of books behind him—to read good Samuel Richardson's eight-volume romances in all their pristine majesty; and they have hitherto been as sealed books to him. He has listened contentedly to critics and more leisurely readers, and through essayists and lecturers, and the capital occasional touches of Thackeray (who reveled in that old literature), he has had a glimpse into the world of powdered Lovelaces and stately Grandisons — a glimpse, but no more.

Mr. Jones's careful and appreciative abridgment has done so well by the eight volumes that almost all the essential spirit of them has been retained, and we come at once into the atmosphere of the old book. So thoroughly is it preserved, indeed, that we fancy the same feeling of surprise, and even of disappointment, on the part of the modern reader who makes his first acquaintance with the novel in this form, that he would have had if he had toiled through the original tomes.

He has been used to hearing of "Clarissa Harlowe" as the work over which our great grandparents wept and glowed, and roused themselves into alternate delight and grief; over which young girls hung in agonies of excitement during all the time—shall we say all the months?—of its perusal; and before whose lessons vicious youths turned back dismayed. He will find that we moderns have changed all that. The mind that has lingered over the exquisitely-ingenious and entirely-unapproachable wickedness of the characters of Ouida, and contemplated the cool and colloquial villains of the accomplished Miss Braddon, will find the worthy Lovelace a perfect pigmy by comparison, wasting torrents of passionate and vigorous correspondence on sins which Messrs. Guy Livingstone, Strathmore, and others of our modern acrobats in evil take as their daily bread.

As for Miss Clarissa, the modern novel-reader will find but little comfort in the study of that interesting character. Life is to her an earnest business and a tragedy; and she writes letters that say so with all the ancient attributes of woe and passion, and general *Sturm und Drang*. But she does not talk slang over it, and say that she is "going to perdition at a slinging trot," like the truly admirable heroines of Miss Thomas and Miss Broughton; she goes toward ruin all for love, and not because it is "the thing to do;" and the heart of the modern novel-reader will turn away

from her bored and unsympathetic, longing for "A Passion in Tatters," or "Not Wisely but Too Well."

The whole discussion of the "prayer-gauge" problem has always seemed to us in a high degree unprofitable and unsatisfactory; and we are not especially glad to see any new contribution to its literature. Argument about what appears an axiom to both sides alike, and what is in its nature incapable of absolute proof to either, is a waste of time which might certainly be employed in a more philosophic spirit. When Professor Tyndall proposed (with less thought, we fancy, than he is accustomed to give to his propositions) the application of the practical prayer-test suggested by his friend, he might have foreseen, as he doubtless has appreciated since, the fruitlessness of placing such a method of experiment before people, the very nature of whose belief would render it perfectly unavailing even if carried out to the exact letter.

Those who have enjoyed the faithful perusal of that excellent narrative work, "Father Tom and the Pope," will remember that the worthy Hibernian prelate celebrated therein, when finally brought to the point by the pope's asking him, "Would you have me doubt the ividence of my sinses?" puts the pregnant question behind him by saying that, if his holiness proposes to trust to "them seven deludhers," argument is useless. So say the churchmen to Professor Tyndall; the converse is what Professor Tyndall says to the churchmen.

That it is impossible, in the light of recent discussions, to treat the subject with the earnest reverence that it deserves, proves in itself how much harm (in the sense of one party, at least), and how little good, the whole argument has done.

If the controversy must go on, it is certainly refreshing to see it conducted as in the work that has recently come to us—President Hopkins's little book, "Prayer and the Prayer-Gauge." It is the frankest, the most temperate, and the most sensible, contribution to the discussion that we have had from his party.

First of all, because it meets the question fairly, without evasion or dodging; and then, because it as frankly and fairly acknowledges that the parties to the argument are arguing from irreconcilable points of view, and that each misconceives the other's opinion if he imagines that he can produce conviction by a line of proof which is inherently unacceptable to the other's mind.

It is easy to see that Dr. Hopkins comes to the discussion unwillingly; indeed, he says as much at the beginning of his essay; and we can well imagine that, with his clear habit of thought, and perfect consciousness of the uselessness of the whole argument, he must have been reluctantly dragged into controversial writing on the subject. That he has written coolly and courteously, candidly and fairly, is all the stronger token of his control over his own weapons; and, in spite of the unprofitable nature of the work on which it was expended, his essay deserves to live as a clear and well-put exposition of individual belief.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have added to their excellent edition of Wilkie Collins's writings his "Miscellanies;" papers which we are glad to see reproduced in such good, permanent form, for they were lost to the majority of readers, astray in old magazines. Some of them, especially "Cases worth looking at," give us some idea of Collins's method in "working up" his more ambitious works.

The same house have published "My Mother and I," a sad little story by the always popular Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock). Its beauty excuses what we believe to be the error of putting unnecessary sadness and trouble before readers of the class that will chiefly read this book—not that we advocate the omission of all that gives the deeper side to life, but that positively tearful books seem to us a little out of place in the hands of a young girl at that age which always inclines of itself to a somewhat unhealthy shade of melancholy in its reflections.

Of Swinburne's "Bothwell" the *Spectator* says: "Mr. Swinburne's dramatic fire shows perhaps at its best in passages of this tragedy, but the tragedy itself is not worthy of its finest portions. It is too long, and very considerable portions of it drag heavily upon the reader. The subject is one which needs swift movement, and the movement is not swift. Mary Stuart's character itself, whether an accurate historic study or not, is very finely drawn, but even it is studied at too great length, and in parts the diffuseness of her passion for Bothwell becomes utterly wearisome. The pictures of Darnley and of John Knox are perhaps the only things in the play which are perfect of their kind. Though the whole interest of the play turns upon Bothwell, the picture of Bothwell himself is by no means a striking one. Doubtless it is true enough, so far as it goes. The fierce, bloody, and brutal soldier, who has so passionate a love of power and so little state-craft, whose idea of strength is violence, who finds it hard even to pretend to love the queen whose sceptre he longs to wield, who sacrifices what of heart he has to his ambition when he divorces a wife, whom he to some extent loves, for the sake of marrying the queen, and whose genuine admiration for Mary Stuart's dauntlessness on the field of battle extorts from him the only really lover-like speeches he ever makes, is no doubt not only a strongly outlined, but a very real drawing; yet there is a certain want of variety of treatment and wealth of resource in the devices by which Mr. Swinburne presents Bothwell to us."

"Religion in Rome from Augustus to Antonius," by Gaston Boissier, has just appeared in Paris. The author has endeavored to trace the progress of the religious movement developed in Rome during the first century of our era. He follows it, rising with the empire and developing under the double influence of Greek philosophy and Oriental forms of faith. His laborious researches restore in some measure the missing link between the decline of paganism and the triumph of Christianity, and enable us to understand more clearly under what influences Christianity grew and flourished, and give us a vivid idea in regard to the religious forms of belief prevalent previous to the introduction of Christianity, showing, at the same time, what was adopted or rejected by the purer system of faith, and what were the facilities or degrees of resistance it met with in the religious state of society during the first century. These grave questions are treated by M. Boissier without prejudice or partiality. Setting aside the foregone conclusions of those who accept the preconceived opinions of others on this weighty subject, he honestly sifts what he considers to be the best evidence, and admirably succeeds in reconciling venerable traditions with historic truths.

A reviewer in the *Academy* of a collected edition of Mr. Robert Buchanan's poems does what many will consider great injustice to the poet. The review is signed "George Saintsbury," and closes as follows: "It is no light charge to bring against a poet, that he has forgotten entirely that he is, or ought to be, above all things an artist. But this is exactly what Mr. Robert Buchanan has done. In his hurry to be prophet, seer, politician, city missionary, and what not, he has neglected—in fact, he has willfully despised—the art which nevertheless he professes. No doubt there is in his work plenty of that vague and delusive quality which is sometimes called power and sometimes promise. But in matters poetical, and above all in poems deliberately and systematically reproduced, we expect performance, not promise. With due study and due repression, Mr. Buchanan might have turned out something not wholly worthless. But he has preferred, for some fifteen years, to clothe his crude thoughts in cruder language without hesitation or reflection, and now we fear that it will take more than his own immeasurable self-confidence, and more than the unintelligent laudations of certain critics, to make of him a great or even a tolerable poet."

A new series of essays by M. Taine has just been published in Paris. The most interesting are "The Travels in Spain of Madame d'Aulnoy;" "Fine Arts in France;" "Sainte-Odile and Iphigénie in Tauride;" "Public Opinion in Germany and the Conditions of Peace;" "Notice of Mérimée and Criticism of his Letters to an Unknown." "In this new series of essays," says a critic, "we find, in the highest degree, the faculties of observation and the unrivaled talent of style which peculiarly belong to this author. The article on Iphigénie is in itself a gem of the first order. Never before were the incomparable beauties of this masterpiece better understood and expressed. Goethe, in his treatment of the same subject, signally failed to do it justice, while M. Taine has admirably succeeded in bringing out its æsthetic perfection and the elevation of its historical and moral aims."

Fine Arts.

The Royal Academy Exhibition.

[Our regular art-critic, who is abroad for th summer, gives here the first of a series of communications on art-matters in England and on the Continent:]

THE Royal Academy of Arts, whose annual exhibition of pictures and sculpture opened early in May, is in Burlington House, a very handsome old palace, leading out of Piccadilly. Piccadilly, as every American familiar with London is aware, is a street of much the same character, with its shops and places of amusement, as Broadway, New York, or Washington Street, Boston.

The entrance to Burlington House is through a high, stone-covered gate-way, with one arch for carriages and others for passengers on foot, into a square-paved court-yard, about an acre in extent, on three sides of which is the main building of the palace, with wings extending down to the right and left sides. The building, like most London structures, is very dark, the tone of our granite after it has been exposed a great many years to the action of water.

The galleries of the Royal Academy are up one flight of stairs, and consist of ten large chambers, opening by marble arches into one another; and, besides these apartments, there are three rooms for sculpture, going from front to rear in the middle of the palace.

The Exhibition consists of more than sixteen hundred works of art, paintings and sculpture, and compares in magnitude with the New-York Spring Exhibition, in about the same way that Schaus's or Snedecor's gallery compares with the galleries at the National Academy of Design. Entering the Royal Academy at any hour, from ten o'clock, when the doors open, till six or seven at night, the rooms at this season of the year are as crowded as on a reception night at the National Academy. Rows of people half a dozen deep stand in front of the pictures, which are hung one above another as high as thirty feet from the ground, while in the centre of the rooms a stationary crowd of people sit on divans, and endeavor to get good views of the large pictures. What strikes a stranger at first is the intelligent interest of the crowd in the paintings before them. Parties of men and of women discuss knowingly the various "points" of the paintings, while nearly every other person has a pencil in hand, either to mark their favorites in the catalogue, or to

sketch on a bit of paper the main outlines of some important work. So general is this desire to use pencils for catalogues or sketching, that a pile of them, sharpened, is kept at the entrance for the benefit of those who have come unsupplied. The fee for admission is a shilling, a quarter of a dollar of our money, and the extent to which the Academy is visited may be imagined when it is known that for admission fees alone, the revenue yearly is sixty thousand pounds, and this is its chief source of income. This is a painful comparison when we remember that the annual fees at the National Academy of Design are about six thousand dollars, and often, we believe, much less.

Visiting the Exhibition at any time after the opening hour in the morning, you see rows of private carriages, nearly filling the large area of the court-yard, and the horses attached to the vehicles stand in straight lines, side by side, with their heads falling to the left side of the court to afford space for as many as possible, in accordance with the regulations at the entrance. Entering the Exhibition gallery at the left door, where the numbers begin in the catalogue, an American is surprised at the size of the paintings; multitudes of them are six or eight or ten feet high; and men and women as large as life stand framed in gardens or drawing-rooms.

English artists have, as a general rule, been remarkable for the absence of an eye for color, and very few, even of the greatest of them, have any "tone," as we understand it in American paintings, in their pictures. It is not *hardness*, but *incongruity* of color that is the trouble. This peculiarity of artists who have painted chiefly in England, seems to attach to the people, who, from the highest to the lowest, never seem shocked at wearing solferino-red, scarlet, and pink, in the same costume. Taine asserts that the origin of the colors of Paul Veronese and Titian is in the skies and sunshine of Italy, and, as artists, we mistrust if the lack of perception of hues and of "tone" in England, may not arise from the thick atmosphere, which never leaves any object in a primary or even a secondary color. The green of English forests in the spring, rich and luxuriant as are the leaves which compose it, is, to an artist's eye trained to the limpid colors of America, somewhat lurid and absolutely devoid of the quality that would be developed into "tone" in paintings. As the near foreground of light and shade is harsh, this heaviness of color, applied to distant, and what with us in America are pure aërial, tints, gives rise to a clayey admixture, which no amount of lightening that we can imagine could make delicate. We suppose it may be from this cause that so many English pictures are considered best artistically when engraved, and we have always fancied chalk or pencil drawings of English scenery the best of any of their landscapes. We feel sure that England never could have produced an Inness if his out-of-door study had been solely in his own land.

These conclusions were useful to us in looking through the galleries of the Royal Exhibition. From the first, the landscapes were disappointing, and, though the drawing in many cases was admirable, and nearly every picture was more elaborate in development than any but the best American paintings, not one could compare, in our eyes, either in delicate feeling for the moods of Nature or in harmonious tone, with Inness, either of the Giffords, Allan Gay, McEntee, Hubbard, or Kensett, or with Charles H. Miller. A great many of the landscape pictures give one the impression of enormous study under teachers, which we presume may be the case; but, in depicting a great amount of detail which lacks grace and texture, and means nothing, very little is really added to a picture. We speak now of the general character of the landscapes; but there are some that, for light and shade and form, though we must except *color* in *all* of them, would be charming anywhere. Of these, the most delightful is a distant view of London from "Shooter's Hill," by S. Bough. A windy day has driven away the smoke, and, beyond great stretches of flat country, in bright light and deep shadow, one sees the spires and towers of London and the gleaming river. The wind is in the bright, billowy clouds which lie in phalanxes very far away, like a scene of one of Copley Wilding's pictures. In the near picture are charmingly graceful groups of oaks and English elms, whose flickered shade is cast half across the road, perfect almost as the trees themselves. A thoroughly English foreground is composed of a bit of brick wall, a grassy path, in which children are at play, and, in the road, one or two English soldiers, on horseback, are cantering, while donkey-carts and their queer contents pull briskly along. The trees are a steel-like green, and, so far as hues are concerned, the picture might as well perhaps be in monochrome; but it is graceful, spacious, and breezy, and withal a faithful picture of England.

Millais, among half a dozen pictures which he exhibits this year, has two quite fine landscapes, one called "Scotch Firs," and the other "Winter Fuel." In Millais's "Light of the World," every one is familiar, by the photographs, with the multiplicity—pedantry, we might almost call it—of the detail. These two landscapes partake of the same treatment, only the particulars are carried so far that one almost imagines that he is looking at a couple of photographs. The painting of the firs is superior to most of the landscapes in the collection in the Royal Academy in the strength and vigor with which the trees are delineated; each branch and twig has a great deal of rugged vitality, and, what is quite rare, apparently, with English painters, the quality of bark, of leaves, and of the scrubby underbrush about the roots, is differently expressed according to the character of the various objects represented. The subject of the picture of the "Light of the World" gives a certain dignity to the detail, and one feels, as in looking at a Fra Angelico, that the artist may have wished to render so sacred a subject with the greatest elaboration of which he was capable; but this feeling does not hold good as one notices the bits of broken bark on some dried logs, piled on a cart, in the painting of "Winter Fuel," and especially it is not interesting to observe when it appears that the artist has lost sight of all attempt at *chiaro oscuro* and of general effect of light and shade.

There is one feature of the English Academy Exhibition almost unknown in America—decorative art in painting appears in many instances in great perfection. One of the most beautiful specimens of it is a picture of a young girl watching a turtle, by T. Armstrong, of which the colors are as delicate and as flat as in a stained-glass window. The figure of the girl is as tall as life, and she leans against a wall, behind which stand orange-trees thickly laden with fruit. Her dress consists solely of a partly-transparent muslin drapery, which does not conceal the form and tints of the flesh beneath it, while the turtle, and the water at the foot of some stone steps, give the figure the character of a bather. In these days, when roundness of form and positive light and shade are almost universally sought by artists, the monotonous hue of the feet especially makes this picture very peculiar, and, while the beauty of the general forms of outline are carefully carried thoughout, and while the tints are as soft and lovely as light coming through glass, the picture makes on the spectator the impression of a beautiful piece of embroidery or of household decoration, but entirely unsuited to depend upon itself for its own existence. A Rubens, a Raphael, a Rembrandt, would be well off whether on the walls of a palace or in a barn, but the class of works of which Armstrong's is an example could hardly be fitly placed except as decoration to a gilded *salon* or in a boudoir. Two or three other paintings of the same kind are Japanese scenes, of which one, called "On the Banks of the Kanagawa," is very gorgeous in the same way as Armstrong's, and, like his, might as well be needle-work on a screen, or stained glass in a window. One can easily picture to himself the brocades, satins, and *bric-à-brac*, by which such a painting would naturally be surrounded, and as the purpose of the artist is so evidently to furnish ornament, not art, it appears from the sincerity of its execution, so far, to be more worthy than the costume-pictures with which French artists load the American market.

From the times of Hogarth down, English painters seem to have affiliated most kindly with the class of subjects which Wilkie and Mulready delighted to portray—scenes from the domestic life of England—and, in this year's exhibition, perhaps the most attractive feature is the pictures of this character. One, a very charming bit of English country-life, is of a fair Saxon father, mother, and child—peasant people, full of health and sweet blood. Watching them from behind a wall, where she walks cold and stately, is "my lady, a widow and childless." Another painting, quite in the line of Wilkie, is a picture by D. W. Wynfield, named "Instructions in Deportment," where a little old woman, a Miss Labrevy sort of being, is teaching a row of stout, buxom English girls how to dance.

Among the numerous portraits, of which there must be some hundreds, are two very striking ones of John Stuart Mill and James Martineau. Quite unlike the ruddy, smooth-featured likenesses of the ordinary Englishman, the pale, sharp features of both these men make them quite remarkable. The portrait of Martineau is by G. F. Watts, R. A., and that of Stuart Mill is by the same artist. Like the pictures by William M. Hunt, of Boston, these paintings are as little ostentatious of the method of using the palette as possible, but the picturesque character of the heads, and their somewhat melancholy expression, are made very prominent.

Before seeing English men and women in the mass, one is disposed to attribute to Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Renolds, Etty, and to Gilbert Stewart, a peculiar predilection for the dimpled and plump cheeks, short rosy mouths, and *retroussé* noses, that so strongly characterize their works; but to a stranger looking at the portraits on the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year, nearly every portrait appears to be of sons and daughters and grandchildren of the people whose faces are familiar to him at the National Gallery and at the South Kensington Museum. We should like to transplant a number of our own portrait-painters to England, and set them to work to delineate the peach-like English children, and the sly, piquant English maidens. On the Academy walls hang portraits perfectly fit to be of good Madam Blaize, in Goldsmith's poem, and of the Nell Gwynnes with which Americans are familiar by engravings.

Some of the most important pictures in the collection are of historical and fancy subjects, and before one of these, "The State Secret," by I. Pettie, a crowd is always gathered. The painting represents a minister of state, a cardinal, in the act of burning a letter, fragments of which smoulder at his feet, while the light blaze that consumes the bit in his hand gives a clew to the story. At his side is the figure of a woman who appears like an avenging Nemesis. Behind these persons, against the wall, is sketched on the arras the "State Secret," in which the figures appear half in the air and half painted. The dramatic effect of this picture is very fine. The figure of the statesman is brilliantly drawn and colored, and the combination of action and expression in the various circumstances that compose it renders it one of the most striking productions of the exhibition.

We hear so much in America of the English water-colors, and how much better they are than our own, that an American can scarcely avoid a sense of disappointment in looking through the room devoted to their exhibition. The same lack of general harmony of color pervades them that disturbs one's pleasure in the collection sent to New York last year by Mr. Blackburn, and which gave the impression that only inferior works were exhibited in it. Water-colors in England seem particularly adapted to "interiors," and in arched galleries and high towers the pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition show to the best advantage. Dibdin, with whose cathedrals New-Yorkers are familiar at Goupil's, has some of his old towers here, of course in the same style to which we are accustomed at home, and their richness of color and beauty of aërial effect give charm to a collection that is in many respects dull when compared to the rich-toned pictures of Tiffany, and Gifford's Oriental scenes, or the delicious sentiment of Wm. T. Richards's sea-views. No impartial critic, we fancy, after examining carefully this English collection of water-colors, so much vaunted, and whose superiority Americans are so ready to admit, could, after seeing it, possibly despise the results achieved by the young society of water-colorists in the United States. In looking at the two collections of the English and American water-colors last year at the National Academy of Design, we recollect hearing the constant remark that, after all, the American pictures were the best in many respects. The conclusion arrived at by visitors at that time was universal that, while America exhibited her best paintings, England had sent only her poorest. From the English themselves it has always been gathered that the Royal Exhibition collects the best specimens of English art: and, therefore, we suppose an American is justified in drawing a parallel between this exhibition and those in New York; and it is gratifying if one can really decide, in such a case, that American artists are doing extremely well at home.

Among the best pictures at the Royal Academy are works by women, and this fact is universally conceded by all, and the subjects they treat cover all kinds of pictures. Mrs. Topling, the wife of an artist of the same name, has painted quite a number of the best and largest of the decorative pictures to which we have alluded, and one or two of the best historical compositions are by women. Trained long and thoroughly, they are competent in England to cope with a class of difficulties that their more superficial culture hitherto in America leaves them powerless to deal with, though the severe and long training they are now receiving at the Academy of Design in New York may bring their work up to the standard of their English sisters.

It would be hardly fair, perhaps, to close this article on the English Exhibition before speaking of the beautiful paintings by Alma-Tadema — works whose glowing color and classic historical association of form and accessories make them so charming in America. Alma-Tadema has two paintings in the Royal Academy Exhibition, either of which is sufficient to give charm to a whole room. One of these is quite large, and shows the interior of the studio of an artist, with himself and a group of friends examining the pictures, which may well be those of Alma-Tadema himself. The other painting, of "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries," is one of the most beautiful pieces of color, and one of the most characteristic renderings of the calmness and mental repose of Egypt, that can be conceived. Sculptured walls and brilliant hieroglyphics compose a large portion of the surroundings of Joseph, whose long black hair, dressed in the manner of Egyptian picture-slabs, recalls at once the portraits of the Pharaohs, at the same time that his unconstrained posture and the rounded drawing of his head and figure bring those formal bass-reliefs of antiquity into the reality and life of the present time. S. N. C.

"A new *salle*," according to the *Academy*, "has just been opened in the Louvre for ancient American curiosities. In the glass cases that line the walls is placed a considerable collection of pottery, idols, vases, and other objects, which gives a good idea of the artistic knowledge of the races that inhabited America before the discovery by Columbus. Many of the idols are carved in stone and marble, and resemble in their types the well-known Egyptian divinities. The most remarkable object of the collection is an immense zodiac of about twelve metres in circumference, cut in a kind of black marble, and absolutely covered with grotesque signs and inscriptions. All these treasures, it appears, have been for a long time stowed away in the magazines of the Louvre, but until the recent stir about the management of that museum no one seems to have thought of exhibiting them.

An admirable fresco, attributed to Titian, has recently been discovered in a perfect state of preservation in the Château of Malpaga, near Bergamo. It represents the visit made by Christian I., King of Denmark, in 1464, to Bartolomeo Colleoni, in the Château of Malpaga, where the celebrated *condottiere* had retired, after having in turn served Venice against the Visconti, the Visconti against Venice, Milan against the Duke of Savoy, and Florence against the Duke d'Urbain.

Four masterpieces of the celebrated Paul Veronese, long since given up for lost, have recently been discovered in the hospital of Aligre, at Josaphat, near Lèves, by M. Camille Marcille. These paintings, representing astronomy, theology, sculpture, and navigation, have been skillfully restored by M. Marcille, and, although the property of the hospital of Aligre, are now deposited in the Museum of Chartres.

It is stated that the latest result of the excavations at Rome is the discovery of a magnificent bust of Matidia, niece of Trajan, and mother of Sabina, wife of Hadrian, which is in a perfect state of preservation, and is to be placed in the museum of the Campidoglio Palace.

Music and the Drama.

THE first American audience that witnessed Salvini's interpretation of the title *rôle* in Count Alfieri's great tragedy of "Saul," was by no means worthy of the artistic dignity and significance of the occasion. The enthusiasm which welcomed a performance in which profound study had invested great creative power with its high finish, was indeed lavish and spontaneous. But fewness in number could hardly be compensated to one, anxious for the reputation of America in its appreciation of grand art, by the warmth and intelligence of a house not half filled.

The tragedy of "Saul" was the fruit of Alfieri's genius when in the full flower of ardent youth, and has long been hailed by Italians as the author's great masterpiece. Alfieri was the most classical of classicists in his theories of dramatic writing, and trod in the footsteps of Corneille and Racine with the most literal ardor of discipleship. To a mind like his, saturated with the scholarship of the ancients, and, in spite of a fiery and sublime imagination, yet rigid and narrow in its conceptions of form, this was but natural. He was careful in following every canon of the school which so long held possession of the European mind, in spite of the English protest, till Lessing, at the head of the romance school of German criticism, dealt it a death-blow. It would be difficult to discover in all dramatic literature a work in which unities of time and place are more preserved than in "Saul." The action of the play is comprised within twenty-four hours, and there is no change of scene. When to this is added that the dominant motive, which crowns and unifies the energies of the play, is the awful shadow of Divine vengeance, that thought in the Hebrew which usurped the place of Fate or Nemesis for the Greek, we have a marvelous imitation of the drama of Sophocles and Euripides. There needed but little more than the addition of the chorus, with its outbursts of sympathy or explanation from time to time, to make the parallel complete.

To a modern audience nothing but the sublimest acting could lift such a play from the dead level of the dull and uninteresting. Alfieri poured into this work the intense imagination of one of the greatest of modern dramatic poets, but the monotony of the movement and the simplicity of the scope absolutely banish all the romantic romance and varied charm, which commenced with Shakespeare and Calderon, and has since been the growing characteristic of the modern drama. One colossal figure filled the entire horizon of the poet's thought in this play. The royal warrior, still erect with an implacable pride under the weight of years and misfortune; tossed and shaken like a reed in the wind with the agonies of a half-conscious madness; recognizing but defying in his sublime arrogance the terrors of an outraged Jehovah; yet, with all these flashing out in the most pathetic bursts of magnanimity and tenderness — such is the vast conception which Alfieri outlines in his tragedy, such is the grand creation which Salvini paints on the stage background—

> "With hue like that when some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

The physical advantages of Salvini give him striking adaptation for the part of *Saul*. The superb dignity of make and stature, the lion port, the musical and sonorous voice, perfect in all the speaking registers, a noble and flexible face, are combined to an exceptional degree. Mere genius, with an insignificant figure, may accomplish great results in the impersonation of youthful and merely romantic parts. Even with *Othello* we can fancy a Salvini, with half his physical gifts, accomplishing effects nearly if not quite as great. But the case becomes widely different where the impersonation must unite the condition of old age to those of royal state, warrior dignity, and the energy of tremendous passion. All our play-goers have become painfully conscious of this in the study

of Booth or Barrett as *Richelieu* or *Lear*. No amount of dramatic genius can make us forget physical defects in certain characters. The framework of size and mass is imperatively demanded to give old age dignity and grandeur on the stage.

Alfieri's self could hardly have selected one better fitted in every respect by nature and culture to incarnate the conception of the fiery old Hebrew warrior than Salvini. The first essential conditions, so happily filled by the Italian tragedian, are crowned by the same matchless rendering of stormy passions which in "Othello" and "Morte Civile" gave Americans fresh revelations of the reach of histrionic capabilities. His first appearance, his colossal figure draped in the royal purple of the Eastern monarch, more than half conquered the audience. The victory was speedily completed, and until *Saul*, in the last paroxysm of royal rage and madness, slays himself, the great actor held his audience, as it were, in the very hollow of his hand.

One of the most notable characteristics of the performance was the subtile art with which the actor passed from the most furious gusts of rage and madness to an ecstasy of tenderness. This was specially noticeable in the second act, when *Saul* is temporarily reconciled to *David*. The exquisite love and fondness which beamed in the face and thrilled in the voice, after the all-devouring wrath which had preceded, brought tears to many an eye. Salvini's power of interpreting the softer emotions is scarcely less than that with which he fills up the measure of the sublimer passions. It is this which gives him such astonishing power of light and shade. In *Saul* he finds more ample opportunities for this phase of excellence than in any of his great *rôles*, so far as we have heard them. In "Othello" the storm-cloud of rage and hate blackens more and more darkling to the very close, after the beginning of the third act. Amid all the woe and horror accumulated by his own passions and the wrath of avenging Deity on the head of *Saul*, there are exquisite little touches of love and nature which gleam with a heavenly though brief radiance. It is in view of this fact that, in spite of the limitations of the drama itself, we pronounce Salvini's "Saul," so far as his repertory is known on the American stage, to be his masterpiece. It is only to be regretted that its production was so long delayed. Signora Piamonti, as *Michal*, sustained her reputation as a careful and gifted actress, and the other characters were ably performed.

The revival of Balzac's "Mercadet le Faiseur," in which M. Got appears as *Mercadet*, is the latest dramatic event on the London stage. The *Academy* says: "An immense fortune rapidly acquired—the promised land of dabblers in finance—that is the one thing Balzac never possessed, and it had for him the charm of the unknown. In "Mercadet," as in "Eugénie Grandet," he lived in an atmosphere of millions; he reveled in the discussion of untold treasures. He delighted in much manœuvring of money, and thought he could make a comedy out of the study of one man who manœuvred money and those who were the possessors of money. And, as a *tour de force*, he succeeded. You do follow *Mercadet* in his schemes, his projects, his counter-projects, with an interest which comes very near to desire for his success; and, in the infinity of resource which this one speculator exhibits, there is opportunity, which Balzac of course seizes, for the display of many phases of his character; and there is opportunity, too, for the assembling round him of a group of more or less ingenious dupes as life-like as himself and as selfish, and above which he towers supreme in virtue of his easy subtlety." The *Athenæum* tells us that "*Mercadet* is, perhaps, the most remarkable figure of modern comedy. In shiftiness, inexhaustible fertility of resource, and other similar, qualities, he approaches *Scapin* and *Figaro*. Another respect in which he recalls the comedy of past times is his full-bloodedness. No half-hearted schemer is he, but a man sanguine in his belief in himself, and justly sanguine, since some, at least, of his schemes have in them the elements of assured success. According to the homely proverb, he will make a spoon or spoil a horn. The aim of most of his plotting is only to obtain a few days in which to set himself right. When he promises to reward with a share in his next undertaking, Minard, his would-be son-in-law, who, in the moment of his extreme need, has given him his entire fortune, he is perfectly serious, and regards debt and interest as paid. A long essay is required to show the different sides of this character in which M. Got has succeeded M. Geoffroy. It is difficult to conceive an interpretation more adequate than this. M. Got, for the hour, is *Mercadet*. There is nothing to be said about the acting except what is involved in the description of the character. The performance may be counted among the half-dozen absolute interpretations with which the memory has charged itself."

The new version of "Orphée aux Enfers," which was brought out in Paris under the direction of Offenbach himself, seems to have been finely received. Some one remarked to Offenbach during the opening rehearsal that the expense of the revival must have been very great. "Yes," answered Offenbach, "I have thrown my money out of the window, but I hope it will come back through the doors." The costumes, all of the richest materials, numbered nine hundred and seventy. The first act closes with one of the most astonishing processions ever seen upon the Parisian stage. As the procession enters upon the stage, the four hundred participants take up their places, and into the sky, the centre of a dazzling star of light, rises the car of Apollo, drawn by four white horses. The third act is chiefly remarkable for a ballet, wherein the four principal dancers are costumed as dragon-flies.

At the Salle du Conservatoire, in Paris, a remarkable composition of M. Lefebvre's, entitled "The Psalm," was a few weeks since sung for the first time. This production, admirably arranged for the four voices, is declared to be of singular effect and beauty, in which powerful sonority and scholastic artifices are employed with rare skill. "From the first to the last note, 'The Psalm' denotes a trained mind, a vigorous temperament, and a rich musical organization."

A new oratorio of great merit, entitled "The Passage of the Red Sea," the words of which were written by Lucien Augé, and the music by M. Rabuteau, created, recently, quite an excitement at the Salle du Conservatoire, where it was sung for the first time, in presence of a select critical audience. "The Passage of the Red Sea" contains twelve pieces, comprising recitatives, solos, choruses, duos, trios, and symphonies, some of which are rich in fine effects and exquisitely harmonious.

The Abbate Franz Liszt will spend the summer in Rome at the Villa d'Este, which belongs to Cardinal Hohenlohe. It is said that he intends composing an oratorio, on a Polish subject, St. Stanislaus, and dedicating it to the Duchess Wittgenstein, a lady of Polish extraction.

Science and Invention.

SHOULD the widely-heralded and vehemently-advocated cremation theory survive the first stage of all so-called reforms—that of ridicule—its adherents may gird themselves for a still more serious conflict before claiming the field as their own. This opposition will appear in the form of sober, solid argument; and the public, who hold the position of interested spectators, will be sure to side with the winner in this latter contest. No thoughtful and temperate observer can have watched the rapid growth of the movement, and not have been impressed with the conviction that the cremationists have unbounded faith in their cause, which has had the effect of rendering them careless of the means by which it must be won. We are free to confess that our natural inclination to welcome and adopt whatever may be new in any department of scientific inquiry or practice has met with a just rebuke by the astoundingly reckless and wild assertions of these new advocates. We are told that Heaven or Nature, or whatever the power be that regulates the usages of poor humanity, protests against such a reckless waste of her substance as that incurred when the lifeless dust of man is returned uncharred to the embrace of Mother Earth. And yet no pains is taken to illustrate that the coal and wood, whence the cremator obtains his heat, is a child of the same mother, and hence its wanton destruction may be as unpardonable an interference with her natural processes of decay and death. Again, how much is said of the danger to those who are compelled to dwell to the leeward of the grass-grown and flavor-burdened graves! And yet is there a sanitarian who will not own that earth is a purifier hardly less effective than fire itself? But we did not introduce the subject with a view to open the second conflict to which we have referred, but rather to assure our readers that they have not as yet one whit to fear from this hastily-gathered army of cremationists, nor need they question as to the final result. Nothing but the apparent earnestness of these new advocates would have prompted us to even consider seriously a subject upon which a few otherwise sensible men seem to have wasted a good deal of valuable time and apparently sincere argument.

As a fitting supplement to the list of American astronomers and assistants which appeared in the JOURNAL of June 20th, the following similar list of the directors of the first English party will be of interest, and should be preserved for future reference: Lieutenant Neate, R. N., will be chief astronomer at Rodriguez, in the Indian Ocean, and Lieutenant Hoggan, R. N., one of his assistants; Lieutenant Goodridge, R. N., one of the astronomers at Christmas Harbor, Kerguelen, which lies between the Cape and Australia; Mr. J. B. Smith, astronomer and photographer at the same station; and Lieutenant Cyril Corbett, C. B., is to be chief astronomer at a second station in the same island. The above-named company have already set sail from Woolwich, upon the government transport Elizabeth Martin. The second party will soon follow, and is constituted as follows: Mr. Burton, astronomer and photographer at Rodriguez; the Rev. F. S. Perry, F. R. S., chief astronomer at Christmas Harbor; the Rev. W. Sidgreaves, astronomer at the same station; and Lieutenant Coke, R. N., who will act as astronomer with Lieutenant Corbett at the second station, Kerguelen. It is to this last-named station that Professor Peters and his American party have been also assigned, and we trust that their joint labors will be both harmonious and successful. As an error in the estimated distance of the sun from the earth is known to exist, and as the transit of Venus affords the best, if not the only, means of rectifying this error, the results of so many scientific expeditions formed to solve the problem of the exact distance of the sun from the earth will be anticipated with the greatest interest by the astronomers of all nations.

The French Government has voted the sum of sixty thousand dollars to defray the expense of establishing six stations for the purpose of

observing the transit of Venus on the 8th of December next, and determining more accurately the exact distance of the sun from the earth. The stations of the French Government will be established at Peking, China; Yokohama, Japan; Saigon, Cochin-China, in the Northern Hemisphere; and the Island of St. Paul, Campbell Island, and Noumea, New Caledonia, in the Southern Hemisphere. The amounts voted for the same purpose by the other leading governments are as follows: United States, $150,000; British and colonial, $200,000; Russian, $240,000; German, $100,000. According to Delambre, the next six transits of Venus will take place as follows:

Year.	Mean Time of Conjunction.		
1874	8th Dec.	16 hours	17 minutes.
1882	6th Dec.	4 "	25 "
2004	7th June	21 "	— "
2012	5th June	13 "	27 "
2117	10th Dec.	15 "	07 "
2125	8th Dec.	3 "	18 "

At the recent Medical Congress held at Marseilles for studying the question of what is the most appropriate article of food for children, the majority of the doctors assembled declared that no diet for children could be favorably compared to that of oatmeal-porridge and sweet milk. Messrs Dujardin, Beaumetz, and Hardy, in elaborate statistical tables, proved that this wholesome food, while light and invigorating, was so delicate that infants of the most feeble constitution might use it with perfect impunity. Moreover, oatmeal is said to possess the remarkable quality of preventing or arresting diarrhœa, one of the most fruitful causes of infantine mortality in France and the south of Europe. Dr. Marie, of the Hospital of Versailles, declared that infants from four to eleven months old, exclusively fed with preparations of oatmeal and sweet milk, were in all cases as healthy and well nourished as infants of the same age properly nursed by their own mothers. Statistics embodying the experience of competent observers in Brittany, Normandy, Scotland, the north of England, and the British colonies, agree with the statements made by eminent members of the Medical Congress of Marseilles, viz., that, in all the countries where oatmeal and milk were consumed on a large scale, the children, properly tended, were remarkable for their beauty and vigor. As might be expected, the oatmeal prepared in Scotland was pronounced to be the best for the purpose specified. It is curious to know that the introduction of oatmeal and milk into French hospitals for children is due to the special efforts of Mr. James Long, president of the Society of Quakers.

Archæologists will be pleased to learn that the French Government has published an edict declaring the gigantic ruins of Angkor, in Cochin-China, to be national property, and forbidding the mutilation of either ruins or inscriptions within French territory. The inhabitants of Cochin-China having begun a regular trade of quarrying stones from the imposing ruins, and European travelers, having a mania for demolishing the finest portions of them in order to carry them off as trophies, the French Government, in order to put a stop to such vandalism, has declared them national property, and as such is responsible for their preservation.

While the French Government is thus showing its appreciation of the archæological remains, by interposing its edict in order to protect them, the Germans, through their Society of Anthropology, are engaged in a kindred and equally important effort. This consists in the construction of an accurate prehistoric map, on which will be indicated the position of the most notable prehistoric settlements, fortifications, lake-dwellings, cave-dwellings, burial-mounds, and other places of sepulture. The coloring will be so applied as to indicate the several periods — Stone, Bronze, and Iron. The significance and value of such a work cannot be over-estimated, and its publication at the present time will do much toward awakening popular interest in this subject.

"Last Thursday a handsome new aquarium, well stocked with marine and fresh-water fish, was opened at Manchester. The sea-water is brought by train in barrels from Blackpool, a distance of about forty miles, and a constant supply is thus maintained." The above note appears in *Nature* for May 28th, and its significance will doubtless be appreciated by those interested in the New-York aquarium movement. If the inland city of Manchester values the marine aquarium so highly as to overcome the main difficulty to its successful operation, surely New York, situated between two streams of salt-water, and containing a park which includes in its area two grand fresh-water reservoirs, should not longer delay. With money enough to construct the needed buildings and tanks, we should have no reason for not boasting of an aquarium that would stand without a rival.

M. Coutelier, of Paris, has just invented a very handsome form of ornamented zinc plates for covering houses, fixing into each other in the most solid manner, and requiring neither to be soldered nor cemented. Being exceedingly moderate in price, and having a fine effect upon roofs, their use will doubtless be met with favor by both builders and architects.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, Monsieur Viaol read the report of his experimental method for determining the heat of the sun. According to his theory, the heat emitted by the sun on the 4th of March was the same as would have been supplied by a metallic disk of the same diameter raised to a temperature of 2,192° Fahr.

Contemporary Sayings.

"I WAS once asked by a very able man," says the Table-Talker in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "to believe that we frequently had presentiments just before the advent of a friend or acquaintance, for which we could not account except on the hypothesis of some spiritual emanation casting, as it were, the 'shadows before' our coming friends. I thought it an interesting theory, and imagined that I could recall many instances of this order of presentiment. I gave the doctrine a chance of converting me. For a week I kept psychological watch over my spiritual warnings; but, in that time, I had drawn so many blanks and never a prize, that I went to my friend and advised him to apply my method of investigation. He did so, and the occult-emanation hypothesis collapsed. So I suspect would many another theory of tokens and presentiments if we only had half as good a record of the signs which signify nothing, and the forewarnings which begin and end with themselves, as we have of those which are—accidentally and exceptionally, I say—followed by events." We once tried a similar plan with a lady, who talked much of her premonitions: the result was, that many important events, and even calamities, came like thunder out of a clear sky, giving no forewarning sign; many premonitions ended in nothing; and those that were justified by the event proved, upon analysis, to be mere predictions of possibilities—predictions that any one might have made if he had calculated likelihoods.

Dr. Holland earnestly declares that we need in New York a great art-gallery. "We need it," he says, "for ourselves. We need it for home education, for the cultivation of public taste and refinement. We need it as a diversion from frivolous pursuits and from no pursuits at all. We need it as a permanent attraction to the whole country. If those who have superabundant wealth would but unite and give us a gallery worth ten millions, it would do more for New York, socially, morally, and financially, than a similar expenditure would give us in any other way. It would attract and fasten here the art-students of a continent. It would fill New York with visitors from every part of the country. It would give us something to be proud of that would not belittle us. It would elevate rich and poor alike. It would stimulate and develop genius. It would greatly change for the better the tone of society, and powerfully modify the civilization of the country. It would build up in America a school of art that would be worthy of the republic, and command the respect of the world."

"It is a noteworthy circumstance," says the *World*, "that, while corporal punishment is going out of fashion in this country in deference to public sentiment, and the lingering traces of it in Delaware continue to excite the horror of a sensitive press, its revival is talked of in England. There seem to be certain kinds of offenders against order who can only be ruled by the terror of the rod—brutal men and obstreperous school-boys, for instance. Bread and water at the workhouse may fail to convince the British peasant or miner that the law does not, in some way, give him the right to wallop his wife, and that he is not the victim of a cruel and unjustifiable oppression; but thirty strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails, well laid on and drawing the blood, will afford him a lively appreciation of his legal and moral duties toward the mother of his children. He will hesitate twice before he strikes again."

"A man," says Mr. Beecher, declaring that, if Justice had had its way, not Mr. Tweed alone, but five hundred thousand men, would have been sent to prison instead of one—"a man goes to Congress in the interest of public improvements. He finds how railroad management affiliates with his tastes. He finds a thing already created, already grown. Everybody has got his bucket and gets a dip of the ill-gotten plunder, and by-and-by a man comes along with a little larger bucket and a little larger dipper, and he goes in a little deeper, and makes a bigger splash, and—gets caught! Then by the artilleries of the committees he is shot to pieces, and people hold up their hands in horror, while they cry out, 'Did you ever see such a miscreant?'"

"In the days of old Rome," says a writer in *Belgravia*, "when a senator was reputed of great wealth, he would receive a kind permission from the state to undertake the making of a new road or other public improvement. Often, indeed, as a means of perpetuating his name and fame to posterity, he would voluntarily undertake some magnificent work of the kind. It is a pity that we cannot devise the means of bringing to pass a noble emulation on the part of the owners of enormous fortunes to distinguish themselves as magnificent and splendid, not so much in feast and furniture and equipages, as in public improvements—colonnades, picture-galleries, statues—devoted to the good of their fellow-citizens."

"Immortality," says the *Spectator*, writing of spiritualism, "we hold on higher evidence than that of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, or Mr. Peebles Still, no doubt, if all these things could be established, the multitude would have a new and physically-grounded belief in it. But whether it would do them moral harm or good would depend on what the average character of future 'spiritual' communications should be. For our parts, we do not desire to be put into constant communication with a world so noisy, purposeless, and fraudulent, as the world of communicating spirits at present appears to be."

Mr. James Parton, discussing in *Harper's Magazine* "Falsehood in the Daily Press," says: "Falsehood and folly in daily papers are, I repeat, not so much an evidence of depravity as of poverty. In-

telligence and character are costly; frivolity and recklessness are cheap. The incessant abuse of individuals is one of the few resources of an empty mind. It cannot discuss principles; it cannot communicate knowledge; it cannot enliven by wit and good-humor: nothing remains to it but to assail character."

"When a man has been out in the world a long time," remarks the *Tribune*, "earning his meat and drink in any other business than that of school-keeping, it is astonishing how ignorant he soon becomes, and with what awe he listens to little girls bounding the principal countries of Europe, and stating the latitude and longitude of capital cities —perhaps spelling with ease and accuracy many of those puzzling words which always send us to our Webster Unabridged. It is astonishing how we shed our learning as we get older."

"You have no right," declares Mr. Beecher, discussing charity in judgment, "to speak of men at their worst unless with a reason that will stand the test of the judgment-seat of charity. It is not enough that a man has a fault. Everybody has these things, and why should they be dragged out unless there be some hope of rectifying the wrong? You say it is your duty to fight weakness wherever you can find it; then stay at home, for you will find trouble enough there to keep you occupied all the rest of your life."

The *Christian Register* thinks the recent publication of Geikie's "Great Ice Age" timely in this hot weather. "It is a comfort," it says, "to just glance at the pictures, and remember how cool it used to be on the face of the earth." It might be asked, in view of the much-increased consumption of ice, and the general prevalence of the ice-cart, whether this is not the real "great ice age."

Mr. Beecher writes of peacocks. He declares that "of the peacock, that may be said emphatically which was said of lilies, 'Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.' No, nor any other king, bird, beast, or creature! Without doubt, Nature reached her bound in the peacock—her palette gave out, and color would no further go!"

The "Old Cabinet" of *Scribner's* thinks there "is a certain happiness in perfect hate. There is no satisfaction in half hating; it is like toast toasted on one side only, butterflies in a bird-cage, half-ripe cherries, an undress rehearsal, and every thing else that misses roundness and downrightness. Denunciation must be untempered, or it is worthless as a consolation to the soul."

General Putnam's grave is said to be sadly neglected; "but that is better," says the Rochester *Democrat*, "than to have an unfinished monument on it, telling to the world, in mute but expressive language, that his fame died about six months after his departure."

It having been asked by one curious in the causes of things, "why two-thirds of the hotel-clerks are bald," a keen observer gives it as his opinion that it may be "because the forces of Nature have been diverted from the scalp to the cultivation of supernatural cheek."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JUNE 12.—Advices from Spain: Señor Zabala, president of the ministry, has authorized generals commanding national forces to grant pardons to Carlists who give in their submission to the government. Two Carlist officers shot, who mutinied at Durango.

The Ontario Car-works, at London, Ontario, totally destroyed by fire.

Excitement in Paris; deputies at the railway-station surrounded by the populace; police disperse the mob, arresting twelve; military summoned to aid the police; government suspends several newspapers because of violent attacks upon its policy; vote of censure in the Assembly against the government lost.

JUNE 13.—Advices from South America: A revolt has taken place in the department of Cuzco, Peru, and extended to that of Puno. One Colonel Salas, with two hundred and fifty men, endeavored to take possession of the train conveying money from the treasury at Lima to pay laborers, but was unsuccessful. He then laid siege to the city of Cuzco, but was obliged to retreat. Further results not known. Failure of Don Julian Zaracondegui, one of the wealthiest merchants of the Peruvian capital.

Wreck of the schooner Rover, from Indian-River Flats, Ga., off Doboy, on the 7th inst.; seven persons drowned.

Death of Hon. Virgil D. Parris, member of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Congress from Maine, and for a long time acting governor of the State; at New York, of James F. De Peyster, a well-known citizen, and survivor of the War of 1812, in which he served as captain, aged eighty-one; of August von der Heydt, formerly Minister of Finance for Prussia.

JUNE 14.—The Italian Senate prorogued.

Advices of the death, May 29th, of Major-General Sir James Macpherson, of the Bengal army, aged sixty-three; of the death of Cochise, famous Apache chief, June 9th.

Death, at Hornellsville, N. Y., of A. F. Gilbert, member of the Assembly of 1873.

JUNE 15.—Advices from Spain: Eighteen Carlist officers shot at Tolosa, by order of Don Carlos, for mutiny. General Concha preparing to attack Estella at three different points.

A dispatch from Central Asia announces that a rebellion has broken out in Khohan. Sixteen officials of high rank beheaded.

A portion of the forest of Fontainebleau, of about ten acres, destroyed by fire.

Advices from Japan and China: The Japanese Government, after countermanding the Formosa expedition, was compelled to resume it, as the troops refused to obey all orders to the contrary. In Shanghai, a Chinese mob attacked the French quarters near the Ring Poo joss-house, maltreated M. Peerebois and family, and burned the house. Four Chinese killed and a number of persons injured. The riot originated in the fact that the French authorities were building a road near the joss-house.

Resolutions in the French Assembly declaring France a monarchy, and MacMahon lieutenant of the kingdom, rejected by a majority of one hundred votes.

JUNE 16.—Report that the Marquis of Santa Lucia has been deposed from the presidency of the Cuban Republic, and General Maximo Gomez appointed his successor.

Report of an election-riot at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, May 29th.

A vigilance committee formed in the Indian Territory for the purpose of ridding the country of horse-thieves; six men lynched.

Henri Rochefort mobbed on his arrival at Queenstown, and saved from violence by the police.

Deaths: At London, of Sir Charles Fox, the celebrated English civil-engineer, aged sixty-four; at Huntsville, Ala., of Hon. H. W. Walker, of the Supreme Court.

JUNE 17.—Advices from Central America: President Barrios, of Guatemala, has ordered Commandante Gonzales to be shot, for criminal disobedience to the military laws of the republic.

Advices from Algiers state that a body of Moorish insurgents invaded the city, but were repelled by French troops.

Accident on the Carolina Central Railroad. A culvert breaks through, and the engine, tender, and four cars, plunged into the gap; four persons killed and a number severely wounded.

Deaths: At Boston, of Edward Dickinson, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; in Scotland, of Lord James C. P. Murray, aged fifty-five.

JUNE 18.—Advices that the vessel lost in China seas, with all on board, was the steamer Scotland, and not the bark Scotland, as reported.

Report of an engagement, at Alcona, between Carlists and Republicans, in which the former were defeated. Among the slain was Don Enrique, son of Henri de Bourbon.

Sudden death, at New Haven, while on duty, of James F. Babcock, judge of the City Court; aged sixty-four.

Notices.